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THE best popular literature on economics that is published in this country nowadays is put out by the industrial banks and finance-companies. If our citizens would pay less attention to politicians and articles in the popular magazines, and read the market-letters circulated by these concerns, they would be wiser, if sometimes sadder, men. For example, while our mercurial young brother Hays sees prosperity just around the corner, and Mr. Harding blandly assures the New Englanders that there's a good time coming, the monthly letter of C. F. Childs and Company tells the firm's clients that "in the absence of indications that we are about to change our ways radically, it is doubtful that the United States will enjoy more than a temporary revival of business activity. No permanent return to normal conditions may be expected for several years, neither can it be expected that the conditions to be brought about by our proposed new tariff-laws will permit foreign exchange-rates to be quoted at par within the next five years."

CURRENT COMMENT.

As a "triple pillar of the world" Mr. Lloyd George may be supposed to have a good deal on his mind, and undoubtedly he is compelled to give only perfunctory attention to a great many questions which come before him. Still, since it was he who undertook the present peace negotiations with the Irish Republic it might be legitimately expected that before answering Mr. de Valera's communications he would read them carefully enough to get some idea of what they contain. Mr. de Valera, in his letter to the Prime Minister on 10 August, offered to submit to arbitrators, one of whom he suggested might be appointed by the President of the United States, the question of Ireland's liability for a share in the present debt of the United Kingdom. Then, speaking of Ulster, the President of the Irish Republic said: "In regard to the question at issue between the political minority and the great majority of the Irish people, that must remain a question for the Irish themselves to settle. We can not admit the right of the British Government to mutilate our country either in its own interest or at the call of any section of our population. We do not contemplate the use of force. If your Government stands aside, we can effect a complete reconciliation."

THUS Mr. de Valera made two clear and explicit statements; one concerning Ireland's share in the British debt, and one concerning Ireland's attitude on the Ulster question. It must have been a bit of a surprise to Mr. de Valera and his associates, then, when Mr. Lloyd George came back with this wholly irrelevant reply: "We gladly give you the assurance that we will concur in any settlement which Southern and Northern Ireland may make for Irish unity within the six conditions already laid down, which apply to Southern and Northern Ireland alike, *but we can not agree to refer the question of your relations with Northern Ireland to foreign arbitration.*" The italics are ours. As we have remarked, Mr. Lloyd George is no doubt a very busy man, but really, if peace with Ireland is worth any consideration at all, is it not worth the avoidance of such breaks as this, which besides doing Mr. de Valera an injustice, is calculated to create misunderstanding and resentment on the part of Ulster, and thus to prolong differences which Mr. Lloyd George must wish to see composed, if his desire for peace be sincere?

WELL, if the sun shines for five years, our friends the erstwhile enemy and Hun will have made all the hay they need. Messrs. Childs and Company's letter proceeds to discuss exports and imports. "Trade can not flourish, and wages and profits can not be maintained unless we are able to face the world in competition. . . . Goods are bought with goods. . . . The export-trade of the world will go to those who turn out the best article at the best price. Politicians propose to bolster everything and everybody behind a tariff-wall and so to prevent learning the lesson which is essential to our future prosperity. As a remedy for unemployment, this whole miserable medley is a muddling interference with the free course of trade. Free intercourse between nations is essential to economic recovery." The reader will please bear in mind that this is not the utterance of a sickly and impractical idealist, but the deliberate opinion of an unsentimental finance-company.

WE can not withhold one or two further quotations. "It is illogical to argue that since a year of business inactivity has prevailed, we may expect an early revival of prosperity. Present conditions are entirely different from those existing during former depressions, . . . worse than the severe depressions of 1837, 1857 and 1873. . . . We have been victims of partisan politics, blind optimism and a dominant disposition to disregard the economic affairs and commercial opportunities of the rest of the world. . . . Few of us have had the courage to refuse the demands of class-interests for the sake of protecting the welfare of the nation as a whole. . . . Every day spent in devising some makeshift to postpone our day of reckoning in the world of competition results in giving a valuable advantage to the nations who are our competitors." This is extremely straight, strong talk, and we, for our part, hold that every word of it, and more, will be justified in the event.

THE New York *Globe* has lately published an excellent article or two which show specifically how and why the German industries are making hay of their competitors. The economic grounds of Germany's advantages are familiar to readers of this paper, for we have repeatedly adduced them a priori in support of our contention maintained from the beginning that the winners of the war would in the long run be the losers. The *Globe's* articles

sustain this contention throughout. German industry is running away from all its competitors, and getting all the foreign business it can lay its hands on. The rate of exchange permits the Germans, says the *Globe's* correspondent, to go out into India, Liberia, South America, Palestine, China and Japan, and underbid British firms by fifty per cent. They can also offer a fixed price and a guaranteed time of delivery, which British firms can not do. One untoward result of this is that five million tons of British shipping rot at anchor, while the Germans are busy as nailers, turning out ships of their own in which to transport their own goods.

WHEN we saw that the French and British Premiers had put their insoluble Silesian tangle into the hands of the League of Nations, there occurred to us at once the striking historical parallel presented when Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter moved their business uptown into their new quarters on Nineteenth Street. We recommend our readers to look up Mr. Glass's inimitable story, and refresh their memory of the ingenious deal which Sam Slotkin, walking delegate, engineered for the immediate benefit of Sam Slotkin, broker; and for the ultimate benefit of Sam Slotkin, contractor. Our resourceful brethren, Briand and Lloyd George, finding that, as Premiers, they were burning their fingers on the Silesian problem, decided to let go of it and refer it to themselves as the League of Nations. This piece of inconclusive comedy has given such of our newspapers as have an outstanding investment of sentiment in the League of Nations, a chance to crow—which, surely, no one can begrudge them, for such chances are few and fleeting. Now it remains to be seen what luck these two gifted impersonators, acting as the League of Nations, will have in composing the differences which, as Premiers, they could not compose. For our part, we are sceptical, but we admit that there is nothing like trying.

THE Chairman of the British Independent Labour party has published some highly interesting and significant statistics of British imperialism. The total amount of exported British capital in 1862 was £144 million. In 1893 it was £1,698 million; in 1908 it was £3,050 million; and in 1914 it was £4,039 million. The returns on these investments which were owned and controlled by an extremely small minority of the English people, rose from nearly £34 million in 1884 to £200 million in 1913. Meanwhile, the total export-trade of Great Britain increased from 1879 to 1903 only four per cent. In 1884 the total trade with the colonies and British possessions was £184 million, and in 1903 it was £232 million, an increase of only £48 million. On the debit side of the taxpayer's account, the outlay on armament was nearly £28 million in 1884, while in 1903 it was nearly £101 million, an increase of about £73 million. These figures show pretty competently where the taxpayer and the general productive industry of Great Britain got off under the policy of economic imperialism; and it also shows where the exporting capitalist got off. No wonder that some of our English friends propose to change the official title of the British Empire to the British Empire Company, Limited!

WE commend the foregoing figures to the attention of our liberal friends, the peace-societies, foundations, forums and associations for the promotion of international peace. It may be discovered that the conditions exhibited by these statistics have a bearing on their problem. But much more earnestly, and especially now that Mr. Harding's conference on disarmament is drawing near, do we commend the report which we lift from the Federated Press, that American investors are now exporting capital at the rate of one million dollars a day; that during the last year, in spite of the great economic depression here at home, these external investments amounted to something like \$350 million. We suggest that the fundamental causes of this phenomenon be examined; also its bearing upon the national policy of armament, and hence upon the problem of the taxpayer.

As we see it, and as the British figures certainly show, domestic productive industry suffers from dearth of capital diverted to foreign investments; it suffers from slack business, largely in consequence of the diversion; and it suffers through outrageous taxation for armament wherewith to "protect the interests" of the exported capital. If anyone can make another story out of the foregoing British statistics, we should relish the hearing of it. Well, then, why this wholesale exportation of capital, i. e., why the policy of economic imperialism? *Something* must determine that enormous outflow of capital. We think it is landlordism; that is to say, the private monopoly of economic rent. If anyone wants to know why we think this, we shall be happy to show cause. But our own notions are not so important. What do our friends the liberals, the peace-societies and so forth, think about it? That is the important thing. They do not say what they think; and then when one infers from this silence that possibly they are not thinking at all, they become magisterial. Meanwhile the exportation of capital goes on, and the consequences of it, as Bishop Butler said, will be what they will be.

WE never had any respect for Lord Haldane's public character, but we have a deal of respect for his ability. He intimates that he is now past caring for the attractions of public life, and proposes to devote the remainder of his days to an awakening of the English democracy to the need of more knowledge and more education. Whatever one may think of the noble lord's professions—and for our part, we think we smell a rat in them—he unquestionably dispensed some mighty sound doctrine at the last president's dinner of the Manchester Reform Club. The mistake which he thought had been made by all progressive parties in politics—and how abundantly the history of all such movements in this country proves it—was in thinking they could reap the crop without tilling the soil.

WE wish that our American believers in political action—in immediate action, immediate organization, organization with haphazard disregard of the material available to be organized and very vague and tenuous notions of the purpose towards which to organize—we wish that these might have had gallery seats and listened to the noble lord's analysis of a case which is even more theirs than it is the case of the corresponding British movements. Progressives, said Lord Haldane, had been putting the cart before the horse in preparing special programmes without preparing the foundations upon which they ought to be created. "It is no good talking about the League of Nations, or about Ireland, or even about free trade, or economy in the abstract, unless you go to the democracy and stir it to the desire for knowledge and for organizing itself for the exercise of its own rights and its own activities. . . . Unless and until progressive parties realize that you can not reach people until they are ready to go half-way to meet you, their best endeavours will fail."

THE noble lord spoke words of the most salutary wisdom. This task, moreover, of stirring a democracy to the desire for knowledge, is not, as Matthew Arnold so clearly showed, a task for those who expect, or even remotely desire, to be entrusted with political power. Perhaps a failure to understand this truth has been as conspicuous a failure of the progressive movements as the failure that Lord Haldane specified. It was a conspicuous failure of the Liberal party in England, and the primary failure, perhaps, of the Progressive party here. One has but to read Arnold's great chapter on "Our Liberal Practitioners" and one is for ever sure that this task is not for the Roosevelts and Wilsons, the Asquiths and Cecil of the world, but for an entirely different type of man. Richard Cobden furnishes the best example of the type. Mr. Gladstone said that Cobden was the slowest-witted man he ever knew, and this trait may have helped him to see that there is no royal road around

the education of a democracy. Our politically-minded progressives may profitably take Lord Haldane's words to heart. The only way that they will get the American people ready to go half-way to meet them is by a process which they have hitherto rejected even more summarily than have the English Liberals.

THE most fecund creature on earth is a bureaucracy. It spawns public servants like a shad, and its spawn has a tenacity of life that is truly marvellous. We had a good illustration of this prolific quality during the Wilson Administration when all the worthlessness and incompetence in the country, apparently, drifted into Washington to undergo the miracle of a new birth. But bad as our luck was, we seem to have fared on the whole much better than France, which, according to a dispatch to the New York *Herald*, maintains a crew of public servants at a ratio of one to every fifty inhabitants. This is tough. The worst of it, too, is that the wretched creatures seem to be eating their heads off, because while they have increased in number only forty per cent, expenses have increased 360 per cent, "with nothing but disorganized, troublesome groups," the dispatch says, "to show where the money is going." Well, we have seen something like that over here. France's greatest increase is in the number of army-bureaucrats, which has more than doubled, while the number of employees in the Ministry of Public Works remains at the pre-war figure!

BROTHER JOSEPH CAILLAUX, ex-Premier of France, may yet instigate another revolution in that afflicted country if he keeps on publishing such articles as have appeared from his pen in the *Progrès Civique*. He holds forth on the subject of State debts. The world's debt was in 1875, 110 milliards of francs; in 1914, it had doubled. Certain public assets existed in several States, however, which went sometimes a long way towards counterbalancing this debt. Thus the United States and Germany had in 1914 no net debt, France had one of twenty-seven milliards, England one of fifteen. In 1921 the world's debt stands at about 1,500 milliards of francs, of which 1,300 milliards represent dead-weight debt, that is to say, debt against which there are no assets to be reckoned.

THE ex-Premier appears to be aware of the fact that these debts are nothing more or less than a lien upon the future production of wealth; and if he succeeds in getting that fact drilled into the head of the French producer we shall all hear some music rendered by the entire strength of the orchestra. In 1914, he says, the interest which productive industry had to pay on State debts did not exceed, at the outside, eight milliards of francs. In 1921, reckoned at six per cent, it had increased to about eighty milliards. M. Caillaux remarks that it is nothing short of slavery when productive industry is condemned to yield "eighty milliards of interest-charges to an aristocracy risen from the war." That is about the way it looks to us. M. Caillaux says further that our socialist brethren, under the Marxian doctrine of surplus value, used to attack the profits of employers and stockholders very fiercely, but said little about this matter of the interest on State debts; and now this interest on 1,300 milliards of dead-weight debt amounts to much more than the sum of all the profits of all the industrial undertakings in the world.

THE tenant-farmers of Galicia, in the north-west corner of Spain, have gone on strike against paying rent for the occupation of agricultural lands. The press-reports say that the movement is quite general, virtually every tenant-farmer having refused to pay. Many of them have been brought before the courts, but some of the hereditary land-owners hesitate to take action, fearing an outbreak of violence. Agitations like these which focus attention on the terms of land-tenure are valuable, whatever may be their immediate results. They tend to bring out the essential difference between property in land, and property in the products of labour.

ACCORDING to the editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, agricultural conditions in the United States are ripening for a similar enlightenment of the tenant-farming class. We have from time to time given a few observations and statistics on the progress of tenant-farming in this country; indeed, we said something about it in our last issue. We now learn from the editor of *Wallace's Farmer* that "last year, the average renter in the United States, after paying his rent, had nothing left as a return for his labour, the return averaging not more than five cents an hour." The editor's forecast is that with merely average weather the average tenant, at prospective prices, "will be very fortunate indeed to realize as much as ten cents an hour for his labour." Five cents, ten cents an hour for agricultural labour!—think of it! and agriculture the fundamental industry in the country, and 38.1 per cent of all the farms are operated on a basis of tenantry!

A WRITER in the austere old *Vossische Zeitung*, "Aunt Voss," as the irreverent Germans used to call the publication by reason of its large talent for fault-finding, has filled in his income-tax report, and discovered that he is heavily penalized for maintaining a wife and family. On a total income of m.100,000, he has to pay m.37,970. If he and his wife should separate, he would save m.16,280. "Respectably official marriage," he concludes, "costs m.16,280 per year punishment." He proposes, therefore, to get a divorce, *pro forma*, the separation from his wife remaining purely nominal, and advises his fellow-citizens to do likewise if married, and to avoid matrimony if not. "You will not always be so rich," he observes bitterly, "that you will be able to sacrifice thousands for the privilege of having a respectable marriage." The tax-system of the United States offers unlimited scope for similar scrutiny of its penalizing incidence upon many things besides marriage; and we wish that great numbers of our taxpayers would begin to look at it in this objective way.

BETWEEN the whims of the architect of St. Thomas's Church, and the matrimonial intentions of the rector of the Church of the Ascension, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York is getting a great deal of advertising these days. It has been discovered that one of the decorations of St. Thomas's Church contains curious symbolic emblems, such as money-bags, altorilievos of men wearing side-whiskers and monocles, and various other odd conceptions. The newspapers report that great hordes of people flock there daily to see this strange sight, which does not seem to us strange at all, but on the contrary, most appropriate. The commotion raised over the Rev. Mr. Grant's decision to marry a divorced woman merely reminds us that ecclesiastical officialism habitually takes cognizance of extremely trivial matters. In England, where the church is a branch of the civil service and as such plays its part in national politics, it was for years one of the tenets of Liberalism that a man may properly marry his deceased wife's sister. Our readers will probably remember the exquisite rallery which Matthew Arnold showered upon this ridiculous contention and upon the unimaginative souls who took it seriously. The Rev. Mr. Grant has been a stormy petrel for years; and whatever Bishop Manning chooses to do or to leave undone in the premises, we incline to believe that Mr. Grant's imagination and sense of humour will somehow enable him to survive it.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

IN our judgment the American public would show a great deal of practical wisdom if it paid less attention to gaudy bits of political window-dressing like Mr. Harding's conference on disarmament, and kept its eyes firmly fixed on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. What is the status of that treaty, by the way—does anyone know? It expired last month, and we have since heard little about it. The last news we had was that in default of action by the British and Japanese Governments, the terms of the treaty remained binding for a year after its nominal expiration. We followed as closely as we could the news of the Japanese Crown Prince's recent visit to London; and it all pointed to a renewal of the treaty which, originally established in 1902, has been already twice renewed, once in 1905 and again in 1911. Nevertheless, we know very little about it and hear less. No one seems to be paying much attention to it. This is a pity, for one ounce of publicity on the actual terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance would at this moment, in point of preventing war, be worth a pound of it one year hence, and worth a thousand tons of sentimental moonshine about disarmament, at any time.

One great reason why it is so wrong for every one who is in a position to do so, not to challenge sharply the silly myth of a German plot as responsible for the late war, is that this myth so effectively obscures a reading of our own country's future. It prevents our seeing that as Germany stood to Great Britain and France over Morocco in 1904, the United States stands to Great Britain and Japan over China at the present time. Yet nothing can be clearer, if one has the eyes to see it; and as long as one's eyes are dazzled by the myth of a German plot, one can not possibly see it. Who with his mind full of propagandist humbug about German ambition and the "Mad Dog of Europe," would think of Morocco? What has Morocco in 1904 to do with an unprovoked and murderous assault on Europe in 1914? Well, one may think as one likes, of course, but one must also take the consequences; and very possibly the penalty of American blindness to the course of European diplomatic history between 1904 and 1914 will be American blindness to diplomatic history now beginning. If so, it will be a sufficient penalty.

The chief Powers of Europe agreed to respect the independence and integrity of Morocco. The French Government wanted an economic monopoly there. The British Government wished to remain undisturbed in the exploitation of Egypt. In 1904, by a secret agreement which the English Parliament did not discover until 1911, and then only by accident, the British Government consented to countenance the French monopoly of Morocco if the French would not disturb the British monopoly of Egypt. Germany was the only important competitor in Morocco. She had a treaty, a diplomatic establishment, a considerable commercial establishment, and was a party to the original agreement respecting the maintenance of Morocco as a free market and the guarantee of her independence and integrity—and she had scrupulously observed that agreement. What followed may be summed up in a few words. France and England drew continuously together in the economic freezing-out of Germany, which involved them in secret military and naval agreements; and this in turn carried upon England a contingent liability for the alliance which France had made with Russia.

Putting it mildly, no nation relishes being frozen out of a market by the underhanded collusion of two other nations which, with itself, have agreed that the market shall be free under a policy of political independence and territorial integrity. Just here is where American interest in the Anglo-Japanese treaty comes in, or ought to come in. Speaking plainly, we have already had enough experience with our friends in the British Foreign Office to know that they are as free with secret treaties and understandings as certain persons are with a fifth ace in a poker-deck. The Japanese pulled one out of their pocket at Versailles and confronted Mr. Wilson with it when he was lecturing them about the impropriety of their proposal to steal Shantung. Japan also appropriated Korea, notwithstanding its independence was nominated in the original bond of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; and one would like to know whether that deal also was covered by a secret understanding. Great Britain, at all events, has never openly put any more restraint on the impetuosity of her associate than she did upon France in the little affairs of Casablanca and Fez. The fact is that Japan, precisely like France in Morocco during the ten years following 1904, has of late been busy as a bee with progressive encroachments upon the sovereignty, independence and integrity of China, and if Great Britain has been aggrieved by her ally's activities, she has somehow managed to conceal her chagrin.

There are certain disagreeable facts that one can not help recalling. England's traditional policy, until very lately, has been to support the independence and integrity of China. Just so for twenty years and more, up to 1904—as long in fact, as Morocco was a topic of serious conversation among the Great Powers—she supported the independence and integrity of Morocco. Her abandonment of that policy was curiously coincident with the rise of Germany into a position of significant rivalry with England as a first-class exporting Power. Under these circumstances England's policy—and it is an exceedingly long-headed and wise one—is always to move for a re-grouping of national interests by close alliance with her next-but-one economic rival and its associates. This is what is really meant by the pious formulæ about the "balance of power." By this means, when a collision comes, England is always able to go through it with a maximum of profit and a minimum of economic exhaustion at the end; as her position after the late war, with reference to that of her European associates, shows most impressively.

We have very little patience with sentimental talk about the impossibility and unthinkableness of war between the United States and England. Wars, it is true, are fought on sentiment—sentiment manufactured after the fact, manufactured by journalists, crooks, dollar-a-year men, politicians, blackguards, armament-makers, international bankers, clergymen and school-teachers. But wars are never organized on sentiment; far from it. There is no more sentiment in a Foreign Office than there is in a bank. It is the failure to recognize this fact that nullifies most of the well-meant efforts after disarmament and international peace. We can not see that war with England is impossible. The United States stands in precisely the same relation to England as Germany bore in 1914, that of a first-class exporting Power whose competition is serious. There are many more acute differences between the two countries than there were between England and Germany. Shipping is one, oil is another, debts another; then there is Ireland and naval development. If England pursues the same policy towards us as she did

towards Germany since 1904, making a second Morocco out of China and a second France out of Japan, we have no difficulty whatever in imagining a war with England. Moreover, there is no reason that we can see why she should pursue any other policy. Everything seems set for her historic rôle as completely as it was in 1904, and every consideration of self-interest intimates that she should play that rôle. There can be no greater mistake, furthermore, than to suppose that this last war has enlightened, humanized or otherwise changed the theory or the practice of international relations. Nothing of the sort has taken place; nothing of the sort is even remotely likely to take place.

Under the circumstances then, the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance are, in our opinion, the most significant to Americans of any transaction at present going on in the public life of the world. We mean too, the *real* terms of that alliance, not such terms as are made public by Japan or England. We mean specifically the terms as affecting the future of this country's economic position in China, as bearing upon Japan's progressive infringements upon China's sovereignty and territorial integrity. The Japanese and British Governments have signified their desire that their alliance be replaced by a "larger" understanding which shall include the United States Government also. This is all very well. Germany was a full party to such an understanding over Morocco. The point is that no matter what public understanding may be effected, the American public should be fully prepared for a possible encounter with a private and confidential understanding between the Governments of Great Britain and Japan. We earnestly suggest that the myth of German responsibility for the war be no longer permitted to obscure the view of Morocco in 1904. From 1904 to 1914 was only ten years; and what Morocco was then, China is now; Japan is in the place of France, the United States is in the place of Germany, and England is England still.

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.

UNFASHIONABLE as it is to do so, we believe in free speech and in a fair field for free speech. We believe also in propaganda and in a fair field for propaganda. What is propaganda but advertising? The representative of a foreign Government who comes to this country committed to a certain policy affecting this country's interests, has as truly a commercial job as has the press-agent for a circus or the drummer for a cloak-and-suit house. He has goods to sell, goods in the shape of an idea or a theory, and he ought to be allowed to advertise his goods as freely and widely as he can. Propaganda is despicable only when it accepts the advantage of monopoly. In the late war, for example, the people of this country were outrageously victimized because the interests which controlled the foreign policy of Mr. Wilson's Administration saw to it that the merchants of Allied opinion should have a straight monopoly over the market. The theory of free speech is that every one should be allowed to put his case and say his say; otherwise, some one will get the disreputable benefit of being able to play upon involuntary ignorance.

This benefit, like any which accrues from unscrupulous advertising, is only temporary and in the end it is illusory, because when ignorance becomes enlightened, as finally it always does, it resents having been taken in. The memory of imposition is bitter. That is the reason why as soon as the peace conference was over and the immense chicanery of the whole trans-

action began to be manifest, there was such a quick and extraordinary change in American public feeling, and the sentiment on which we entered the war gave place to another which was reflected in the Administration's spectacular downfall and is now taking on more definite and unpleasant forms. But, for the time being and while the going is good, the prey of unscrupulous propaganda is ignorance.

Some items in last week's news have brought out this fact once more. In our last issue we took a peculiarly barefaced and monstrous statement by Viscount Bryce as a sample of the pabulum dished up by the heavily-advertised institute of politics at Williams College. We believe that Viscount Bryce, in making that statement, deliberately and knowingly offered an imposition upon the ignorance of Americans. If Viscount Bryce will repeat that statement before any audience in England and get it accepted, we shall retract and apologize. Now comes the turn of Baron Korff, who in his lecture before the same institute of politics, 8 August, is reported as saying that it was almost always the Balkan States that caused trouble between Russia and Austria in the last half-century; and that the more recent strain in the relations between the two countries was due largely to Count Aerenthal, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Now, there is a great deal of truth in this; and if Baron Korff were speaking to a university audience in Belgrade, for example, or in Bukarest, he might perhaps be justified in putting the matter in this way, because his hearers could be presumed to have the information necessary to assess his statement. But it was hardly fair for him to do so when speaking to an audience of Americans whose ignorance of European international relations is notorious. Probably not one of his hearers could have questioned him intelligently about Russia's material encouragement of the arrogance of the allied Balkan States towards Austria, the control of their diplomacy by Russia, and the activities of Russian diplomatic agents like Isvolsky and in particular Hartwig, who engineered the Serbo-Bulgarian agreement. A neutral observer, the Belgian Minister to Germany, reported to his Government in the spring of 1913, that

the representatives of the Balkan States at Berlin no longer make any mystery of the close ties which have never ceased to exist between their Government and the Cabinet of Petersburg. The latter alone knew of the alliance which they had concluded amongst themselves, and it was only when armed with Petersburg's approbation that they went ahead. Thus Russian diplomacy holds in leash, so to speak, the diplomacy of the allied Balkan States, which receives the former's instructions and will execute its orders.

The same observer reported in the autumn of 1912, that the French Ambassador (Cambon) had on several occasions complained that the greatest danger to the peace of Europe lay in the lack of discipline and personal policy of the Russian representatives; and he adds:

They are nearly all ardent pan-Slavists, and it is they who are in great measure to blame for the present occurrences [the Balkan quarrels]. There can be no doubt that they will make themselves secret agents for Russian intervention in the Balkan struggle.

No newspaper, as far as we know, has discussed Baron Korff's statement; none, as far as we know, took Viscount Bryce to task. Therefore we say again, and point to the tacit acceptance of these two statements as illustrations of the fact, that ignorance is the prey of unscrupulous propaganda.

To show the lengths that ignorance may reach, fur-

thermore, in the innocent dissemination of what might be called second-hand propaganda, we lift and subjoin another floating newspaper-item. It was written by a correspondent whom we believe to be quite honest; it was published in a newspaper which we highly respect for both its ability and its integrity. Both the correspondent and the paper we believe to be, as Mark Twain said of himself, as honest as they can be without attracting attention. But newspapers employ correspondents, apparently, as they employ reviewers of music or the drama—that is, as mere facile and superficial reporters, and without much regard to their special training or their stock of special knowledge. Perhaps the newspapers can do no better; but most of the time the policy works out badly, as in this dispatch from Paris:

The situation is not dissimilar in some ways to that which faced President Roosevelt in 1906. Russia was weakened by the war with Japan. France's *entente* with Great Britain was still young. The Kaiser, judging the moment opportune to humiliate France in Morocco and establish German preponderance in Europe, issued a call for an international conference on Moroccan affairs.

This imputation of motives to the Kaiser is unquestionably the fruit of sheer ignorance. The correspondent evidently picked up the current, popular, Paris street-corner version of the Moroccan incident and took it, knowing no better, at its face value; and there being no one in the newspaper-office, probably, who knew any more about the incident than he did, the item went to press as written. We shall not discuss the item here, but merely ask the correspondent who wrote it and the paper that printed it, to look up the circumstances which led to the Kaiser's call for a second conference and be their own judges of how closely this item hits the mark.

Let us have free speech, free propaganda, by all manner of means and upon all subjects under the sun. But let us also have free hearing. Let us cultivate the detached, critical, understanding habit of mind that sifts the free speech when it is spoken and examines the propaganda when it emitted. All else is prejudice, prepossession, ignorance; and these carry with them their own invariable penalty of enslavement.

IN THE CIMMERIAN DESERT.

THAT economic darkness which spreads over the Congress of the United States was not illumined by the arguments with which the Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Mr. Strong, concluded his defence of the Reserve System before the Senate Finance Committee. Governor Strong went, apparently, a little out of his way to discuss the possible value which the cancellation of interest on our loans to foreign countries would have to the American producer, and he is quoted thus:

The international payment of a given sum in dollars to the United States can not be used both to reduce debts and interest and at the same time to buy goods. Isn't it of greater advantage to the United States that the purchasing-power Europe is able to develop be used to consume surplus American goods, rather than to pay interest on debts?

In other words, Governor Strong seems to imagine that there might be some advantage to American industry in the mere transfer of money from one pocket to another. His proposition, reduced to its simplest terms, amounts to a suggestion that we may find it necessary to give to our erstwhile allies the money with which they are to buy our goods. Very well; then let us call the transaction by its proper name, charity, and not delude ourselves with the belief that it has anything to do with profitable commerce. But even supposing it

were possible to stimulate our foreign trade by such means, Governor Strong has failed to take into account the fact that although this country has for some three or four years politely refrained from attempting to collect interest on its foreign loans, the amount of our exports has steadily decreased, especially during recent months. Yet during that time, those Governments which owe us most have spent yearly in non-productive enterprises much more than the amounts of interest refunded. If allowing them finally to repudiate the interest be likely to stimulate our export-trade why has not the refunding of interest had that effect? The money was there, or the Governments could not have expended it on their armies and navies; yet the fact is that it was expended on armies and navies, and as far as this paper can see there is no reason to suppose that this practice should not continue if we gave them the money outright instead of deferring payment.

The amount of a nation's exports depends, not upon the use which foreign Governments make of the taxes which they collect from their people, but upon the amount of its own imports. A truth of this order is probably not as clear to a financier, by virtue of his training and experience, as it would be to a merchant; and the Senators who took Governor Strong's testimony should take into account the fact that his training and experience have been those of the financier. The order of knowledge which Congress needs on this matter is that which comes from the training and experience of the merchant; such knowledge as is embodied in the following quotation from the January circular of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York. We have quoted this statement before but it will bear quoting again:

It can not be too often repeated that the ultimate means of payment for exports must be in imports. If we wish to maintain our export-trade, our problem now is not how to put obstacles in the way of imports, but how to encourage them. By just as much as we succeed in cutting off our imports, we must, in the long run, cut off our exports. This is a fact not often grasped even by exporters, because, though it works surely, it works indirectly. When a higher duty is placed upon a particular import, it can be directly appreciated how much the supply of that import has been cut off. To a corresponding amount, in value, exports as a whole will be cut off; but no particular exporter will be able to know just how much his particular commodity has suffered.

If Congressmen and Senators would set themselves the useful task of learning this statement by heart, it might eventually occur to them that the Fordney tariff bill is likely to be considerably more injurious to our export-trade than is the hitherto disregarded obligation of foreign nations to pay us interest on the money we have loaned them.

If this country and Europe are to be saved from the industrial stagnation due to the choking-off of trade, there is need that some glimmering of truth concerning the nature of international commerce should filter through the darkness in which our Congressional economists live and move and draft their tariff-laws. Congressman Fordney and his cohorts in the House, and Senator Penrose and his associates of the Senate Finance Committee are preparing a schedule of tariffs that will place our European debtors in a position identical with that in which the Allies have placed Germany. By excluding European goods from this country, they are making it impossible for Europe to pay its debts to us in the only way open to it, namely: in goods. The emergency tariff-law has already done valiantly in the process of strangling our foreign trade: *et ab crimine uno, disce omnes*.

IN INVENTIONS WE TRUST.

AMERICA is known to the rest of the world as a country given largely to "contraptions." The fountain-pen and the safety-razor and the patent apple-corer and a hundred and one other devices for mitigating the strain of living are characteristically American products: "to barrows, trays and pans," as the wisest of Yankees has sung, we have given "the grace and glimmer of romance," and our creative life has been a life of invention, concerned with "useful" and "practical" things, rather than a life of the imagination. An inquisitor of social institutions might find it a seemly and interesting task to trace the effect of invention upon the life and habits of the American community.

Perhaps more clearly than any other element in the American tradition, inventiveness may be traced back to the life of the pioneer. In colonizing days invention was the price of existence. To employ new ways and means; to save labour, always short in the new country, by resorting to mechanical dodges; to make some small material improvement that would soften the hardships of the pioneer's existence: these were the great desiderata of our early life. Under such conditions the sort of folk who prospered seem for the most part to have been those who had a knack of seeing into the immediate difficulties of their situation, and doing something "on the spot" to ameliorate it.

In saying that conditions of the American settlement fostered inventiveness is not to disparage the qualities that were thus brought into play. There is a fine aspect to our pragmatism which should not be forgotten by those who keenly discern its vital insufficiency. In his latest book on philosophy, Mr. John Dewey points out that while ineffectual people lament, for example, the gap which keeps friends apart, and idly dream about a perfect existence in which the barriers of time and space shall be broken down, the practical instrumentalist invents the telephone. This is perhaps not all to the good; but it is something to the good. Among other things, we are free to confess during these hot days that the shower bath, the electric fan, and the artificial refrigerator enable us to enjoy a more vigorous and exhilarating existence than used to be possible in this climate; and we are not ungrateful.

Yet, when we have given inventiveness its due, we are inclined to think that it has played too large a part in the working out of our civilization; and that it has had a tendency to make our social life rather scrappy and inconsecutive and second-rate. If the means at our command, thanks to generations of Whitneys, Morses, and Bells, are huge when measured in terms of horse-power, our philosophy of means has been sterile. We lack, on the whole, any broad conception of the good life, apart from what we derive automatically from the necessity for wiping out something that is physically or hygienically bad. We tend to make use of our mechanical toys because they are toys, and therefore amusing; and not because they are really of importance. There is a sort of befuddlement in our appraisals of our civilization which arises out of what might not inaptly be called mechanical inebriety. One has only to think of the thousands of nice people who ply their motor-cars aimlessly over the roads every Sunday in a state of mechanical coma. Such a host of material improvements has been made in every detail of our daily life, that if happi-

ness consisted solely in a triumph over material difficulties, we Americans might well be the happiest community on earth.

It is sad to confess, however, that our triumph in invention is in part responsible for our failure in developing a genuinely cultured life; for our ability to invent has, it would appear, robbed us of the power to dream. Our practical men, and even our instrumental philosophers, have still in most cases to see that practice is always made up of two indispensable elements: an end and a contrivance to meet that end. Although there are passages in Mr. John Dewey which verbally recognize this necessity, it is plain from the manner in which he speaks perpetually of "ameliorating ills" that he is still thinking in terms that would have suggested themselves naturally to the pioneer. What of a situation in which there may be no particular ill but a choice between several kinds of good?

Consider one of our comfortable little Gopher Prairies as an observation ground for testing the philosophy of means. If it is a particularly happy selection we may find a fairly equal division of income, a high level of kindness and practical intelligence, a low infant-mortality rate, and numerous other characteristics which might lead to a general feeling of contentment. Two centuries of invention have made this little community safe from every danger except politics and free from almost every burden except taxes. But somehow the mutual adaptation of the environment and the organism is incomplete; Mrs. Dr. Kennicott, for example, is not satisfied. Viewed in piecemeal, Gopher Prairie exhibits a splendid procession of invention; viewed as a whole it is a dreary mess; and it is a mess simply because one at least of its inhabitants has the power to dream of something better. Were life merely an external adjustment, our inventiveness would carry us through beautifully. It is because the "real" world in which human beings conduct their affairs must always at its best be the realizable world, that a mere sophistication of means is not sufficient. Unless life is to end in a comminuted nightmare it must perhaps begin with a dream.

The so-called practical man talks about the dream as though it were something to set over against "reality." As a matter of fact, the instinctive tendency of every dream is to remold the world a little nearer, as the saying is, to the heart's desire; and it is only when he is crippled by circumstances that the dreamer turns in upon himself and seeks within the world of dreams the dream's fulfillment. What we lack in America is an appreciation of the part that the dream and the dreamer may play in the transformation of our lives. Even our Utopias have been inventions rather than dreams. Think of the stark, skinny outlines of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward!" When put alongside Mr. Alfred Zimmern's imaginative reconstruction of "The Greek Commonwealth," "Looking Backward" seems like an old-fashioned tintype. Or compare Bellamy's realistic picture with the fine phantasy of "News from Nowhere," which presents such an idyllic dream of the Thames Valley that scarcely anyone can go boating on the river above Hammersmith without feeling impelled to reconstruct it along the lines that Morris laid down.

The very virtue of the inventive habit of mind—its emphasis upon the necessity of attacking a specific situation in all its concrete details—is a defect in

so far as it does not permit us to conceive of altering the situation as a whole. What we need is not so much to move as to have a sense of direction by which the success of each particular movement may be measured; and a direction implies a destination or an end—even if it be only a mathematically ideal one, like the points of the compass. Lacking a philosophy of ends, our plans are usually, so to say, at loose ends: we live in a perpetual tangle of small interests because so few of us take the pains—or rather enjoy the pleasure—of working out a philosophy consistent enough to give a recognizable pattern to our life, or the life of our community. Perhaps it was of the like of us and of our civilization that it was written scornfully in olden time: "They have sought out many inventions."

A DIALOGUE IN HEAVEN.

ST. PETER. What's the matter, Old Fossil? You look unhappy.

OLD FOSSIL. Yes, your holiness, I am unhappy. I want you to change my section.

ST. PETER. Why, you chose it yourself.

OLD FOSSIL. That is quite true, St. Peter, and I am very glad I went there. I liked the people very much—everything is just as I expected. All the married ladies with such dove-like eyes, and such soft voices, and the young girls so timid and demure, and the children such good children, and so charming, all looking as if they had been well whipped many times and were all the better for it, mentally, morally and physically; and the men, as I remember them in my own youth, egotistical and selfish and masterful and waited upon by their wives and daughters and so romantic and tender about poor people and about women and children. None of that damned self-analysis, so fashionable nowadays—

ST. PETER. Manners, Fossil, Manners!

OLD FOSSIL. And the women of the demi-monde, so gentle and sympathetic and affectionate, know a gentleman when they see one. Such delicious harpies!

ST. PETER. Well, Old Fossil, what more do you want?

OLD FOSSIL. I hoped to have met with the great Thackeray.

ST. PETER. What could you have been thinking about. Thackeray in the Early Victorian section! He's much too shrewd for that.

OLD FOSSIL. Ah of course—of course, he's now retired, and lives, I suppose, with real ladies and gentlemen—duchesses and countesses and earls.

ST. PETER. Not a bit of it—he herds with the wits, male and female.

OLD FOSSIL. Horrible, horrible! I never knew a wit that had either birth or breeding, and as to a female wit, she is sure to be disreputable. What do they talk about that can interest the great Thackeray, who certainly used to be a gentleman?

ST. PETER. Their talk is all paradox. Only yesterday one of them was here. I forget the fellow's name, but I saw treason in his face. "Well, my fine lad," I said, "confess now, is there anything on the terrestrial globe, that can compare with the celestial landscape?—not the lakes of Killarney or Dublin Bay," for I knew by his truculent look that he was Irish. He looked me straight in the face, and answered most impudently, that there was one thing missing from the natural beauties of Heaven. "What is it?" I asked. "Graveyards!" he shouted back. "For without death, Life is not worth living." As you know, my temper is short and had he not slipped away like an eel, I would have made my staff acquainted with his shoulders.

OLD FOSSIL. I know that man. A pestilent fellow, an Irish nationalist, which no gentleman can be.

ST. PETER. You're wasting my time with a great deal too much talk. Where do you want to go?

OLD FOSSIL. Well, your Holiness, I am longing to meet Thackeray.

[They move across the plain until they find a hut, overgrown with creepers, surrounded by a garden full of flowers and shrubs, entirely neglected and left to nature. ST. PETER opens the door.

ST. PETER. Enter. That old fellow over there who is laughing with the girl—that's the man you want.

OLD FOSSIL. But, your Holiness, impossible! The girl is sitting on his knees and she wears bloomers.

ST. PETER. Can't object now. Hurry in and shut the door. These fellows hate draughts.

[Scene inside the hut.

THACKERAY. Well, Becky, how did you manage to climb into Heaven? By what trick of fascination did you manage it, you little devil!

BECKY. I am fascinating, because I am a woman and not a devil, and though you've never known it—the more womanhood the more goodness.

THACKERAY. Womanhood is sometimes devilish.

BECKY. Not the reality.

THACKERAY. Had you the reality?

BECKY. I have kissed Rawdon and scolded him, and railed at him with love and tears, as real as a hot fire, and all because of wifehood and womanhood—but that was in poky bedrooms, not in palaces.

THACKERAY. What about motherhood?—what about the little Rawdon?

BECKY. That was when I was too busy fighting Society to have a heart. I was then in the thick of it, fighting that monster which you feared.

THACKERAY. I afraid of Society?

BECKY. Yes, Thackeray—you only pretended to be a satirist. You did not hate Society as did Dr. Swift. You were only a society wit and flatterer. Your heart was too small and Swift's was too big. No brain could be big enough for Swift's heart—that's why he went mad. He did not hate the down-trodden, even though they were Irish, and he did not laugh at poverty, even though it was Irish, and he loved all poor girls. He was the only man I could not have bamboozled. I wonder where he is now? He was too sorrowful either for Heaven or hell. Perhaps he is still in some madhouse on earth—I wonder if Stella has left the grave to go to him. I would have done so if I were she—I would go there now if he would have me and if I could get out of Heaven.

[Dr. Swift's name seems to have angered THACKERAY so much that he pushes BECKY from his knees, and getting up walks about in angry agitation.

THACKERAY. On what grounds did you get your ticket of admission?

BECKY. Sit down here on the sofa, and tell me by what test you know that you're in Heaven.

THACKERAY. (Sitting down beside her.) Oh, well, really, I don't know, but I find I never get a cold in my head.

BECKY. Have you not noticed that honesty and courage, which on earth are contraband, are here quite legal? Ah, dear old Society Humbug, and satirist-out-of-a-job, although you did not know it I was far closer to you than ever the saintly Emmy was, but you were afraid of me. Had you chased away from your society-scared imagination all those old maids, men and women, married and single, and great ladies and countesses, parsons and respectabilities, what dreams—what dreams we'd have had; and how we would have enjoyed poverty and persecution! You would have known what you never knew—a full-flavoured, real woman, as close to you as your skin.

THACKERAY. I adore Emmy!

BECKY. Thank God, no one ever thought of adoring me.

(Suddenly she looks into THACKERAY's eyes and bursts out laughing.) Tears—by all that's holy! You incorrigible old sentimentalist!

THACKERAY. (Recovering himself, stiffly.) You are the incorrigible one!

BECKY. Yes, incorrigible, I am still brave and honest. If you want to know who it was got me into Heaven, it was Balzac and the French.

THACKERAY. Ah! that immoral nation! Well, since you are in Heaven, where have you been sojourning?

BECKY. In the Early Victorian section.

THACKERAY. (Astonished.) What the devil!

BECKY. No, not the devil. It was St. Peter himself who put me there. I wanted to see the lovely Emmy, and to ask her forgiveness.

THACKERAY. She granted it. She granted it. She has such a wealth of goodness that she would be sorry for old Nick himself.

BECKY. I found her so busy talking to curates that I thought it was better to keep away.

THACKERAY. What! Afraid of curates! I admit it is a sign of grace.

BECKY. No—no—the curates would have come to me, and that would have spoiled her sport. Did I not tell you that I am all goodness?

THACKERAY. How long did you remain there?

BECKY. Until I said something about lovers; at that your pious evangelical ladies would have stabbed me to death with their knitting-needles had it not been for St. Peter, who had kept close at hand, feeling sure that something would happen. I had taken Rawdon with me, and I left him there, and he tells me that Emmy is showing to him the truth as it is in Jesus.

THACKERAY. What will you do with him if he is converted?

BECKY. He will come out to convert me, and we shall have a jolly time. He is never so much in love as when he is pious. He is like a peach in late summer, rich and delicious, whenever his puzzled brain gets religion. The trouble always has been that he had no conversation. Now he will be eloquent.

THACKERAY. Yes, eloquent of Emmy.

BECKY. The exquisite enjoyment will be the getting him away from Emmy. Every husband goes astray. The wife's fun is getting him back.

THACKERAY. All the husbands? Why do you talk such blasphemy!

BECKY. Yes—they all do—but the real wives get them back. That is the magic of marriage. It's the fool wife who makes the bad husband.

THACKERAY. With me, at any rate, Becky, you are never a hypocrite. Do you believe in marriage? Are you an Early Victorian?

BECKY. Yes, Thackeray. By my modesty, I am an Early Victorian. I believe in union with one man for ever and ever. It is the law of a woman's soul and life. Where did I discover marriage? On a narrow bed with a hard mattress, in poky lodgings, Rawdon and I struggling with necessity and poverty. In salons and drawing-rooms and palaces the married heart grows cold, or rather it never exists. You club-men, you men of refined society—what do you know of marriage?—and not knowing marriage, you don't know woman. To the devil with you, Thackeray! You slandered me on earth—if you slander me in Heaven, I will tell St. Peter and have you arrested. How would you like to be dipped in Lethe?

THACKERAY. I should lose my sweetest thoughts. I have lived a blameless life. I have many good actions to my credit. But I think you would be happier if you were re-christened in the waters of Lethe.

BECKY. No, Thackeray, I have nothing to regret. I fought all the hypocrites and I fooled old Lord Steyne. Even you were not able to catch me in a real love affair. You sentimentalists can only weep in the halls of memory. I also can weep, but my tears are the dewdrops of the morning, and if ever sorrow comes upon you, Thackeray, come to me and I will comfort you far better than ever your daughter did.

THACKERAY. (*To himself.*) She's as great a blackguard as ever!

BECKY. What's that you're muttering?

THACKERAY. Ah, Becky, you're as enchanting as ever!

BECKY. I also have had my good deeds. I helped Emmy and I helped Dobbin. Where would they have been but for me? Of course they were ungrateful. Nothing I enjoy so much as the ingratitude of the good!

EMMY. (*Enter Emmy and Rawdon.*) Oh, Becky, it was not my fault. Colonel Rawdon forgot himself.

RAWDON. I kissed her only because she made me think of my mother.

BECKY. You're just a pair of innocents!—and good children, both of you.

[EMMY and THACKERAY walk away together.]

BECKY. Did you quarrel with the curates?

RAWDON. No, no, Becky, I never forget that I am in Heaven.

BECKY. You're always nicest when you're quarrelling. Ah me, how I should like to see old Steyne!

RAWDON. Old Steyne! Madam, what do you mean?

BECKY. Hush, Rawdon, you mustn't talk like that! And smooth away those thunder-brows.

RAWDON. But why in Heaven's name Steyne?

BECKY. That I might see you throw him over the crystal battlements.

RAWDON. Then indeed it would be Heaven, but I fear there is no chance. Ah! me.

BECKY. Do you know, Rawdon, why we are in Heaven?

RAWDON. No. I would give anything to know. I have often wondered.

BECKY. It is because, my dear, we are true lovers.

RAWDON. Ah, Becky, why didn't you come after me?

BECKY. You'd have murdered me. A girl must live.

RAWDON. Becky, we'd have died together! even though we went to hell for it! We'd have gone hand in hand.

[*The Old Fossil had listened to the beginning of this conversation; but when she began to treat THACKERAY with so much disrespect, he considered her vulgar and stalked away; seeing an open window, he crept out and escaped, and came again to St. PETER.*]

OLD FOSSIL. Have you any section in Heaven which is reserved exclusively for gentlemen?

ST. PETER. Come along, Old Fossil. We can accommodate every one. Otherwise it would not be Heaven.

OLD FOSSIL. Have you many gentlemen in Heaven?

ST. PETER. We have some. The intrepid ones go elsewhere.

OLD FOSSIL. All very select and exclusive, I suppose.

ST. PETER. You may well say so.

OLD FOSSIL. Ah! Your Holiness, now I know why I am in Heaven, and can already hear the celestial harmonies. Are all the appointments satisfactory? I love my ease and comforts as a gentleman should.

ST. PETER. The best possible.

OLD FOSSIL. Are the servants respectful and well-mannered?

ST. PETER. There are no servants—I may tell you that at first this was a great anxiety to us. We found that to be without servants made a great vacuum in the lives of these poor gentlemen. Without servants and without dependents a gentleman's soul seems to die within him.

OLD FOSSIL. Perhaps, your Holiness, you will allow me to change my mind, and ask you to allow me to return to the Early Victorians.

ST. PETER. Oh, don't be discouraged! We had an idea which we have carried out. It was suggested by St. Luke, who is a sort of doctor. All over the walls we inscribed conspicuously, in letters of gold, four words, "I am a gentleman." From that moment there was peace. I think that of all our celestials they are the happiest; as with the poets on earth, their days are spent in contemplation and in the murmuring of words that are pleasing to the ear. They go to sleep looking at these words, and awake to go on looking at them. What say you now?

OLD FOSSIL. I bow down before your saintly wisdom. Please lead on, your Holiness.

ST. PETER. (*They come upon BECKY.*) Why, Becky, is that you! You seem to be everywhere.

BECKY. What are you going to do, your Holiness, with the Old Fossil?

ST. PETER. He is for the hypnotic chamber to live for ever with the gentlemen.

[*The Old Fossil passes on.*]

BECKY. You should have turned him over to me.

ST. PETER. What would you have done with him?

BECKY. Made out of him Olympian laughter for you and all the saints.

ST. PETER. Ah, well, it is too late now. He is gone and will never return. But you're a good child and I really must find a halo somewhere for you. I am sure the saints would let you wear it. To be sure, there is St. Thomas, who is rather an adept in destructive criticism.

BECKY. A halo for me, St. Peter! That would not suit me at all, and besides poor old Thackeray would be so jealous if you didn't give one also to his adored Emmy.

ST. PETER. I must hurry away—a batch of young poets has just arrived, and though happy they are still very ailing, poor lads!

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.

TO CHEKHOV'S MEMORY.

V

At one o'clock it was Chekhov's custom to dine downstairs, in a cool, bright dining-room, and there was nearly always a guest at dinner. It was difficult not to yield to the fascination of that simple, kind, cordial family. One was conscious of a constant solicitude and love, not expressed with a single high-sounding word—an amazing amount of refinement and attention, which never, as if on purpose, got beyond the limits of ordinary, everyday relations. One always noticed a truly Chekhovian fear of everything high-flown, insincere, or showy. In that family one felt very much at one's ease, light and warm, and I perfectly understand a certain author who said that he was in love with all the Chekhovs at the same time.

Chekhov ate exceedingly little and did not like to sit long at table, but usually passed from the window to the door and back. Often after dinner, staying behind with some

one in the dining-room, Yevghenia Yakovlevna (Chekhov's mother) said quietly with anxiety in her voice: "Again Antosha ate nothing at dinner."

Chekhov was very hospitable and loved to have people stay to dinner, and he knew how to treat guests in his own peculiar way, simply and heartily. He would say, standing behind one's chair: "Have some vodka? When I was young and healthy I loved it. I would pick mushrooms for a whole morning, get tired out, hardly able to reach home, and before lunch I would have two or three thimblefuls. Wonderful! . . ."

After dinner he had tea upstairs, on the open veranda, or in his study, or he would come down into the garden and sit there on the bench, in his overcoat, with a cane, pushing his soft black hat down to his very eyes and looking out under its brims with screwed-up eyes. These hours were the most crowded. There were constant rings on the telephone, asking if Anton Chekhov could be seen; and endless visitors. Strangers also came, sending in their cards and asking for help, for autographs or books. Then queer things would happen.

One "Tambov squire," as Chekhov christened him, came to him for medical advice; in vain did Chekhov answer him that he had given up medical practice long ago and that he was behind the times in medicine. In vain did he recommend a more experienced physician—the "Tambov squire" persisted: no doctor would he trust but Chekhov. Willy-nilly he had to give a few trifling, perfectly innocent pieces of advice. On taking leave the "Tambov squire" put on the table two gold coins and, in spite of all Chekhov's persuasion, he would not agree to take them back. Chekhov had to give way, but he said that as he neither wished nor considered himself entitled to take money as a fee, he would give it to the Yalta Charitable Society, and at once wrote out a receipt for the money. It turned out that that was just what the "Tambov squire" wanted. With a radiant face, he carefully put the receipt in his pocket book, and then confessed that the sole purpose of his visit was to obtain Chekhov's autograph. Chekhov himself told me the story of this original and persistent patient—half-amused, half-vexed.

Many of these visitors plagued him fearfully and even irritated him, but, owing to the amazing delicacy peculiar to him, he was patient, attentive and accessible to all who wished to see him. His delicacy at times reached a limit that bordered on weakness. Thus, for instance, one nice, well-meaning lady, a great admirer of Chekhov, gave him for a birthday present a statue of a huge pug-dog in a sitting position, made of coloured plaster of Paris, over a yard high, i. e., about five times larger than its natural size. That pug-dog was placed downstairs, on the landing near the dining-room, and there he sat with an angry face showing his teeth and frightening those who had forgotten that he was there. "I'm afraid of that stone dog myself," Chekhov confessed, "but it is awkward to move him; it might hurt her feelings. Let him stay." Then suddenly, with his eyes full of laughter, he added unexpectedly, in his usual manner: "Have you noticed in the houses of rich Jews, such plaster dogs often sit by the fire-place?"

At times, for days on end, he would be annoyed with every sort of admirer and detractor and even adviser. "O, I have such a mass of visitors," he once complained in a letter, "that my head swims, I can not work." But still he did not remain indifferent to a sincere feeling of love and respect and always distinguished it from idle and fulsome tittle-tattle. Once I remember, he returned in a very gay mood from the quay where he sometimes took a walk, and with great animation told us: "I had a wonderful meeting just now. An artillery officer suddenly came up to me on the quay, quite a young man, a sub-lieutenant. 'Are you Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov?' he said. 'Yes,' I answered. 'Do you want anything?'—'Excuse me please for my importunity,' he replied, 'but for so long I have wanted to shake your hand!' And he blushed—he was a wonderful fellow with a fine face. We shook hands and parted."

Chekhov was always at his best towards evening, about seven o'clock, when people gathered in the dining-room for tea and a light supper. Sometimes—but more and more rarely as the years went on—there revived in him the old Chekhov, inexhaustibly gay, witty, with a bubbling, charming, youthful humour. Then he would improvise stories in which the characters were his friends, and he was particularly fond of arranging imaginary weddings. He invented wonderful Chekhovian names, of which I now alas! remember only a certain mythical sailor Koshkodovenko—cat-slayer. He also liked as a joke to make young writers appear old. "What are you saying—Bunin is as old as I am"—he would say with mock seriousness. But his jokes never left any bitterness any more than he consciously ever caused the slightest pain to any living thing.

After dinner he would keep some one talking with him in his study for half an hour or an hour. On his table candles would be lit. Later, when all had gone and he remained alone, a light would be seen burning in his large window for a long time: Whether he was working then, or looking through his notebooks, putting down the impressions of the day—nobody seems to know.

VI

It is true, on the whole, that we know nearly nothing, not only of Chekhov's creative activity, but even of the external methods of his work. In this respect he was almost eccentric in his reserve and silence. I remember him saying, as if by the way, something which seems to me very significant: "For God's sake, don't read your work to anyone until it is published. Don't read it to others in proof even."

Such was always his own habit, although he sometimes made exceptions for his wife and sister. Formerly he is said to have been more communicative in this respect. That was when he wrote a great deal and at great speed. He himself said that he used to write a story a day. His mother used to say: "When he was still an undergraduate, he would sit at the table in the morning, having his tea, and suddenly fall to thinking; he would sometimes look straight into one's eyes, but I knew that he saw nothing. Then he would get his notebook out of his pocket and write quickly, quickly; and then again he would fall to thinking. . . ."

But during the last years Chekhov began to treat himself with ever increasing strictness and exactitude: he kept his stories for several years, continually correcting and copying them, and yet in spite of such minute work, the final proofs, when they came from him, were speckled throughout with signs, corrections, and insertions. In order to finish a work he had to write without interruption. "If I leave a story for a long time," he once said, "I can not make myself finish it afterwards. I have to begin again."

Where did he draw his images from? Where did he find his observations and his similes? Where did he forge his superb language, unique in Russian literature? He confided in nobody, never revealed his creative methods. Many notebooks are said to have been left by him; perhaps in them will in time be found the keys to those mysteries. Or perhaps they will for ever remain unsolved. Who knows? At any rate we must limit ourselves to hints and guesses.

I think that always, from morning to night, and perhaps at night even, in his sleep and sleeplessness, there was going on in him an invisible but persistent—at times even unconscious—activity, the activity of weighing, defining and remembering. He knew how to listen and ask questions, as no one else did; but often, in the middle of a lively conversation, it would be noticed how his attentive and kindly look became motionless and deep, as if it were withdrawing somewhere inside, contemplating something mysterious and important, which was going on there, apart. At those moments Chekhov would put his strange questions, strange because of their unexpectedness, completely out of touch with the conversation, questions which confused many people. Thus on one occasion when the conversation was about neo-Marxists,

he suddenly asked: "Have you ever been to a stud-farm? You ought to see one. It is interesting." Or he would repeat a question which had already been answered.

Chekhov was not remarkable for his memory of external things. I speak of that power of minute memory, which women so often possess in a very high degree, also peasants, which consists in remembering how a person was dressed, whether he wore a beard and moustaches, what his watch-chain was like or his boots, what colour his hair was. These details were simply unimportant and uninteresting to Chekhov. But, instead, he took the whole person and defined quickly and truly, exactly like an experienced chemist, his specific gravity, his quality and order, and he knew already how to describe his essential qualities in a couple of strokes.

Once Chekhov spoke with slight displeasure of a good friend of his, a famous scholar, who, in spite of a long-standing friendship, somewhat oppressed Chekhov with his talkativeness. No sooner did he arrive in Yalta, than he would at once come to see Chekhov and sit with him all the morning till lunch. Then he would go to his hotel for half an hour, and come back and sit until late night, all the time talking, talking, talking . . . and so on day after day. Once when he was describing this strange visitor Chekhov suddenly, abruptly broke off his story, as if carried away by a new, interesting thought, and added with animation: "Nobody would guess what is most characteristic in that man. I know what it is. That he is a professor and a savant with a European reputation is to him a secondary matter. The chief thing is that in his heart he considers himself to be a remarkable actor, and he profoundly believes that it is only by chance that he has not won universal popularity on the stage. At home he always reads Ostrovsky aloud."

On another occasion, smiling at his recollection, he suddenly observed: "D'you know, Moscow is a most peculiar city. Everything in it is unexpected. Once on a spring morning S., the publicist, and myself came out of the Great Moscow Hotel. It was after a late and merry supper. Suddenly S. dragged me to the Tversky Church, just opposite. He took a handful of coppers and began to share it out among the beggars—there are always dozens standing about there. He would give one of them a penny and whisper: 'Pray for the health of Michael the slave of God.' That is his Christian name, Michael; and again: 'For the servant of God, Michael; for Michael, the servant of God.' Yet he himself does not believe in God. . . . Queer fellow!"

I am convinced that Chekhov talked with a scholar and a peddler, a beggar and a *littérateur*, with a prominent Zemstvo worker and a suspicious monk or shop-assistant or a small postman always with the same attention and curiosity. Is not that the reason why in his stories the professor speaks and thinks just like an old professor, and the tramp just like a veritable tramp? Is it not because of this, that immediately after his death there appeared so many "bosom" friends, for whom, according to them, he would have been ready to go through fire and water?

I think that he did not open or give his heart completely to anyone (there is a legend, though, of an intimate, beloved friend, a Taganrog official). He regarded all kindly, indifferently, so far as friendship is concerned—and at the same time with a great, perhaps unconscious, interest.

His Chekhovian *mots* and those little traits that astonish us by their neatness and appositeness, he often took direct from life. The expression "it displeases me" which quickly became, after the "Bishop," a byword with a wide circulation, he got from a certain gloomy tramp, part drunkard, part madman, part prophet. I also remember talking once about a long-dead Moscow poet, and Chekhov glowingly remembered him, and his mistress, and his empty rooms, and his St. Bernard, Ami, who suffered from constant indigestion.

"Certainly, I remember," Chekhov said laughing gaily. "At five o'clock his mistress would always come in and

ask: 'Liodor Tranitch, I say, Liodor Tranitch, is it not time you drank your beer?'"

At that I imprudently said: "O, that's where it comes from in your 'Ward N 6'?"

"Yes, well, yes," replied Chekhov with evident displeasure.

He had friends also among those merchants' wives, who, in spite of their millions and the fashionable dresses, and their outward interest in literature, say "ideal" and "in principal." Some of them would for hours pour out their souls before Chekhov, wishing to give the impression of what extraordinarily refined, neurotic characters they were, and what a remarkable novel could be written by a writer of genius about their lives, if only they could tell everything. He would sit quietly, in silence, and listen with apparent pleasure—but under his moustache there glided an almost imperceptible smile.

I do not wish to say that he actually looked for models to write about, as many other writers do, but I think that everywhere and always he saw material for observations, and this happened involuntarily, often perhaps against his will, through his long-cultivated and ineradicable habit of searching into people, of analysing them and generalizing about them. In this hidden process was probably, for him, all the torment and joy of his creative activity.

Chekhov shared his impressions with no one, just as he never spoke of what and how he was going to write. Also very rarely was the artist and novelist revealed in his talk. Partly deliberately, partly instinctively he used in his speech ordinary, average, common expressions, without having recourse either to similes or picturesqueness. He guarded the treasures in his soul, not permitting them to be wasted in wordy foam, and in this there was a vast difference between him and those novelists who tell their stories much better than they write them.

This, I think, came from his natural reserve, but also from his peculiar shyness. There are people who constitutionally can not endure and are morbidly shy of too demonstrative attitudes, gestures and words, and Chekhov possessed this quality in the highest degree. Herein, maybe, is hidden the key to his seeming indifference towards questions of struggle and protest and his aloofness towards current events, which did and still do agitate the Russian intelligentsia. He had a horror of pathos, of vehement emotions and the theatrical effects that are inseparable from them. I can only compare him in this with a man who loves a woman with all the ardour, tenderness and depth of which a man of refinement and great intelligence is capable, but such a man will never try to speak of his love in pompous, high-flown words, nor can he even imagine himself falling on his knees and pressing his hand to his heart and speaking in the tremulous voice of a young lover on the stage; and therefore he loves and is silent, and suffers in silence, and will never attempt to utter what the average man will express freely and noisily according to all the rules of rhetoric.

ALEXANDER KUPRIN.

(To be concluded.)

THE GENDARME OF EUROPE.

THE rôle which France is playing in the *post-bellum* affairs of Europe is manifestly a leading one.

The French army of at least 750,000 men is at present the largest and strongest in Europe. Her forces line the German Rhine on both sides; she has large detachments in Upper Silesia; French soldiers are to be seen driving Legation cars in Berlin, French officers are in Poland, and French military experts advise and influence the international and internal affairs of the little Entente, of Austria, and of the Balkan countries. French troops have engaged in probably every offensive that has been aimed at the Russian Soviet Government, and may be expected to form the backbone of any further attempts in the same direction.

In short, nearly every part of Europe has witnessed since 1918, the presence of French troops. It is as though the days of Napoleon had come back again.

Furthermore the Quai d'Orsay is to-day the most effective foreign office in Europe. It has become the deciding factor in the policies of the smaller nations of Central and Eastern Europe. It was the supposedly favourable attitude of the French Foreign Office to the chauvinistic aspirations of the Magyars that largely inspired the recent attempt of the ex-Emperor Karl to regain his throne. It was the favourable attitude and promise of assistance from the French Foreign Office that led to the last Polish attack against Russia: it was the attitude and prompting of this same group of French officials that brought on the Rumanian invasion of Hungary in 1919 and established the Horthy regime in power. It is from this same group that the initiative comes for the recent French occupation of the German cities on the lower Rhine, the imposition of the fifty per cent export-tax on German goods, the creation of the customs-barrier on the Rhine, and the proposed occupation of the Ruhr Valley.

The French Government is guiding the destinies of Europe at the present time; while the Governments of England and the United States stand by, giving their consent and occasional assistance. The old European balance of power has been upset by the war, leaving France as supreme in the field of European affairs as German militarism could ever have hoped to be. This ascendancy, it should be remembered, was created and is maintained with the consent and assistance of the two great English-speaking Governments. Without their help it could never have come into being; without America's assistance France could have hoped for nothing better than the setting up of a new balance of power. Indeed the financial support, and the contingent military backing of England and the United States are still required by the French in order to play their game of *Realpolitik* with a strong hand; as witness the recent visit of M. Viviani to Washington and the assiduity with which Franco-American good feeling is cultivated by the French press and French Government.

In view of the fact that we Americans are thus indirectly supporting French policy in Europe, and share to a large degree the responsibility for its effect upon the recovery of Europe, it behooves us to consider that policy carefully in all its bearings.

Approximately two years after the signing of the peace treaty, the policy of the Allied Governments in Austria has been given up as a tacitly confessed failure. Unable to wring gold from the vanquished enemy, and unable or unwilling to enable the enemy to recover sufficiently to pay a reasonable indemnity, the Supreme Council has handed the cripple over to the League of Nations. The economic relations of the republics that have been carved out of the old Austrian Empire are uncertain and insecure. Suspicions and hatreds between Magyars and Czechs, Serbs, Poles, and Germans have made the new frontiers almost insuperable barriers to trade and commerce. The orderly sequence of political development in Russia has been arrested, and the economic reconstruction of Russia greatly delayed, by the repeated attempts of the Allied Governments, particularly the French, to overthrow the Soviet Government, and in some unknown way obtain the arrears of interest as well as the principal of the loans that foreign bankers had made to the Tsarist Government. In further pursuance of its financial interests, the French Government is said on several occasions to have set the small republics that were once part of the Russian Empire against each other and against Russia.

Thus Central Europe is still, two years and a half after the armistice, a scene of wars and rumours of wars, and every country is an armed camp. It is difficult to describe the state of tension, distrust, hatred, and suspicion that distorts life in this distracted part of the world. A steady hand in Poland, Austria, and in the Balkans, could long since have started these countries on the road to economic health; but the influence of the French has been only a disturbing factor; and the present disastrous economic and political conditions in these countries are a direct consequence of French policy.

It is in Germany, however, that we find the chief results of France's use of her new-found power; and it is here that we may best judge the wisdom of her policies. The ostensible purpose of the French Government in its relations towards Germany is the exaction of an adequate reparation for the losses sustained as a consequence of the war. But a closer examination of French aims reveals the fact that France has another end in view, namely: the utter ruin of Germany as a military, political, and economic power. There can be no other reasonable explanation of the French policy of making demands and then rendering difficult every means by which such demands might be met.

This brings us to a consideration of the inner motives of French foreign policy. For many years a large proportion of French capital has been invested in other countries, with the result that the French Government has naturally become interested in a military way in protecting those investments—protecting them, if need be, at the expense of the inhabitants of the countries where the money is invested. That is the real reason why France stands as the great military power of Europe to-day and is involved in every reactionary plot and intrigue that is afoot in the capitals of Europe. That is why France is so deeply concerned in preserving the social, political, and economic *status quo* or *status quo ante bellum* in Eastern Europe.

The objects of the French Government in Germany, however, are different. In this case it is not the protection of French investments that is the motive, it is rather a complication of domestic interests that is driving the French Government to the course it is now taking. The situation is familiar. The French people, particularly the bourgeoisie, have been convinced that only by the shipment of trainloads of gold across the Rhine can the savings of their families and the dots of their daughters be preserved from the confiscation that is threatened if the yawning deficit in the French budget is to be met by taxation. They have somehow been convinced that such a fantasy as the payment by Germany of six billion gold marks in a month is actually possible, and now having become convinced of a score of further economic impossibilities, they are urging their Government on to a military policy which can have no other result than general ruin.

There is, moreover, another group in France, namely: the large manufacturers, who want to put an end to German industrial competition; and now that France has the power to destroy that competition, they are determined to see that the opportunity is not wasted. To this group the payment of the indemnity is a matter of secondary importance as compared with the destruction of their most energetic commercial rivals.

The German economic system had come to be, before the war, the basic economic system of the Continent. German capital and trade flowed into Russia,

into Austria, into Italy. Germany was the best customer of many of her neighbours and was economically closely bound to Russia, Scandinavia, Central Europe, the Balkans, Italy, and England. It is the utter destruction of this structure of trade and industry that is the present hope and object of the French ruling class. This means the destruction of the European economic system, for if European industry is to recover from the effects of the war, the economic restoration of Germany is a prime necessity. If France were able to replace Germany in the economic system and could assume the industrial rôle that was once Germany's, the prospect would be less dark: but no one presumes, not even France herself, that she can take Germany's place as an industrial nation.

Sinister as was the old militarism of Germany, it was the militarism of an industrial nation, and along with it went also German steel, ships, coal, textiles, banks and German organization. But these things do not accompany French militarism, which is of a different quality. The truth of the matter is that France to-day is a third-rate industrial Power attempting to maintain itself as a first-class Power by military force. It is a nation that is trying to live beyond its means, and hoping to fill its coffers by the aid of the sword.

The sufferings of France during the war must not be forgotten, and there is urgent need for the rebuilding of the devastated area. Germany must pay the price. But France must not use her sufferings as if they were the mutilations of a professional beggar, in order to obtain help and sympathy for a destructive and revengeful policy.

Wiser heads and steadier hands than are now in control are needed to guide the policies of the European nations if European civilization is to be saved from eclipse.

HAROLD M. FLEMING.

THE ART OF CINEPLASTICS.

III

WITH dramatic style lost, the present is just the moment for the theatre to choose for its attempt to monopolize an art, or at least the instrument of an art, that is absolutely new; one that is so rich in resources that, after having transformed the spectacle, it can act on the æsthetic and social transformation of man himself with a power which I consider to exceed the most extravagant predictions made for it. I see such power in the art of the moving picture that I do not hesitate to regard it as the nucleus of the common spectacle which every one demands, as being perfectly susceptible of assuming a grave, splendid, moving character, a religious character even, in the universal, majestic sense of the word. It can do so quite as well as music, which began with some sort of string stretched between two sticks, struck by the finger of some poor devil, black or yellow, blind perhaps, to an even and monotonous rhythm; it can do so quite as well as the dance, which began with some little girl skipping from one foot to the other, while around her other children clapped their hands; quite as well as the theatre, which began with the mimicking recital of some adventure of war or the chase amid a circle of auditors; quite as well as architecture, which began with the arranging of a cave, in front of which, after a fire had been lighted, some one stretched the hide of an aurochs; quite as well as the frescoes, the statues and the perspectives of the temple, which began with the silhouette of a horse or a deer, dug out with a flint on a bit of bone or ivory.

The needs and desires of man, fortunately, are stronger than his habits. There will some day be an end of the cinema considered as an off-shoot of the theatre, an end of the sentimental monkey-tricks and gesticulations of gentlemen with blue chins and rickety legs, made up as Neapolitan boatmen or Icelandic fishermen; and ladies really too mature for *ingénue* parts who, with their eyes turned heavenward and their hands clasped, ask the benediction of heaven and the protection of the crowd for the orphan persecuted by the wicked rich man. It is impossible that these things should not disappear along with the theatre of which they are the counterpart. Otherwise, we must look to America and Asia, the new peoples or those renewed by death, to bring in—with the fresh air of the oceans and the prairies—brutality, health, youth, danger and freedom of action.

The cinema has nothing in common with the theatre save this, which is only a matter of appearances, and the most external and banal appearances at that: it is, as the theatre is, but also as are the dance, the games of the stadium and the procession, a collective spectacle having as its intermediary an actor. It is even less near to the theatre than to the dance, the games or the procession, in which I see only one kind of intermediary between the author and the public. Actually the cinema presents, between the author and the public, three intermediaries, the actor—let us call him the cinemimic—the camera and the photographer. (I do not speak of the screen, which is a material accessory, forming a part of the hall, like the setting in the theatre.) This already establishes the cinema as farther away from the theatre than from music, in which there also exist two intermediaries between the composer and the public—i.e., the player and the instrument. Finally, and especially, there is no speaking in the cinema, which is certainly not an essential characteristic of the theatre. Charlot (Charlie Chaplin), the greatest of cinemimics, never opens his mouth; and observe that the best films almost completely do without those intolerable explanations of which the screen is so prodigal.

In the cinema the whole drama unrolls in absolute silence, from which not only words, but the noise of feet, the sound of the wind and the crowds, all the murmurs, all the tones of nature are absent. The pantomime? The relationship is scarcely closer there. In the pantomime, as in the theatre, the composition and the realization of the rôle change, more or less, every evening, which confers on both a sentimental, even impulsive character. The composition of the film, on the other hand, is fixed once for all, and once fixed it does not change again, which gives it a character that the plastic arts are the only ones to possess. Besides, pantomime represents, by stylized gestures, the feeling and the passions brought to their essential attitudes: it is a psychological art before being a plastic art. The cinema is plastic first: it represents a sort of moving architecture which is in constant accord, in a state of equilibrium dynamically pursued—with the surroundings and the landscapes where it is erected and falls to the earth again. The feelings and the passions are hardly more than a pretext, serving to give a certain sequence, a certain probability to the action.

Let us not misunderstand the meaning of the word "plastic." Too often it evokes the motionless, colourless forms called sculptural—which lead all too quickly to the academic canon, to helmeted heroism, to allegories in sugar, zinc, papier mâché or lard. Plastics is the art of expressing form in repose or in movement by all the means that man commands: full-round, bas-relief, en-

graving on the wall, or on copper, wood or stone, drawing in any medium, painting, fresco, the dance; and it seems to me in no wise over-bold to affirm that the rhythmic movements of a group of gymnasts or of a processional or military column touch the spirit of plastic art far more nearly than do the pictures of the school of David. Like painting, moreover—and more completely than painting, since a living rhythm and its repetition in time are what characterize cineplastics—the later art tends and will tend more every day to approach music and the dance as well. The interpenetration, the crossing and the association of movements and cadences already give us the impression that even the most mediocre films unroll in musical space.

I remember the unexpected emotions I received, seven or eight years before the war, from certain films the scenarios of which, as it happens, were of an incredible silliness. The revelation of what the cinema of the future can be came to me one day; I retain an exact memory of it, of the commotion that I experienced when I observed, in a flash, the magnificence there was in the relationship of a piece of black clothing to the grey wall of an inn. From that moment I paid no more attention to the martyrdom of the poor woman who was condemned, in order to save her husband from dishonour, to give herself to the lascivious banker who had previously murdered her mother and debauched her child. I discovered, with increasing astonishment, that, thanks to the tone-relations that were transforming the film for me into a system of colours scaling from white to black and ceaselessly commingled, moving, changing on the surface and in the depths of the screen, I was witnessing a sudden coming to life, a descent into that host of personages whom I had already seen—motionless—on the canvases of Greco, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Velazquez, Vermeer, Courbet, Manet. I do not set down these names at random, the last two especially. They are those the cinema suggested to me from the first.

Later, as the medium of the screen was perfected from day to day as my eye became accustomed to these strange works, other memories associated themselves with the earlier ones, till I no longer needed to appeal to my memory and invoke familiar paintings in order to justify the new plastic impressions that I got at the cinema. Their elements, their complexity which varies and winds in a continuous movement, the constantly unexpected things imposed on the work by its mobile composition, ceaselessly renewed, ceaselessly broken and remade, fading away and reviving and breaking down, monumental for one flashing instant, impressionistic the second following—all this constitutes a phenomenon too radically new for us even to dream of classing it with painting, or with sculpture, or with the dance, least of all with the modern theatre. It is an unknown art that is beginning, one that to-day is as far perhaps from what it will be a century hence, as the Negro orchestra, composed of a tom-tom, a bugle, a string across a calabash and a whistle, is from a symphony composed and conducted by Beethoven.

I would point out the immense resources which, independent of the acting of the cinemimics, are beginning to be drawn from their multiple and incessantly modified relationships with the surroundings, the landscape, the calm, the fury and the caprice of the elements, from natural or artificial lighting, from the prodigiously complex and shaded play of values, from precipitate or retarded movements, such as the slow movements of those galloping horses which seem to be made of living bronze, of those running dogs whose muscular con-

tractions recall the undulations of reptiles. I would point out, too, the profound universe of the microscopic infinite, and perhaps—to-morrow—of the telescopic infinite, the undreamed-of dance of atoms and stars, the shadows under the sea as they begin to be shot with light. I would point out the majestic unity of masses in movement that all this accentuates without insistence, as if it were playing with the grandiose problem that Masaccio, Leonardo, Rembrandt were never quite able to solve. . . . I could never come to the end of it. Shakespeare was once a formless embryo in the narrow shadows of the womb of a good dame of Stratford.

ELIE FAURE.

(To be concluded)

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XIII.

MY TENT, SOUTH AFRICA. June, 1921.

THE weather, my worthy Eusebius, has changed with a violence that is, I think, the very thing I have been looking for. Between the mountains on either side of my green hill the weather is, as it were, compressed. Thunderclouds that anywhere else would break must burst here, discharge their lightning in a scream and drop their rain as though it were too much agony to hold it any longer. I rejoice in it as I rejoiced in the frost in New York and the snow that Mayor Hylan could not clear away. The weather, here as there, is thorough and causes resentful thoughts of the compromise which does duty for a climate in the British Isles, whose inhabitants, clinging to the dingy, narrow outlook of the lower middle class, have done so much to rob life in all parts of this earth of its savour: but I do not wish to think of the British Isles or of the Higher Imperialism which is a lower middle-class product; the final effort of meagre gentility to keep its head above the common people. It is a marvellous effort; a wonderful success, this conquest of the continents by a people armed chiefly with horsehair and antimacassars, to which, with the march of progress, have been added linoleum and tinned salmon; but O! its results are ugly with a flat, dull, stale ugliness that you can appreciate most if, as I have been doing, you ride across the veldt from homestead to homestead: in every one of them horsehair, antimacassars, photographs of funny little English towns, linoleum, tinned salmon.

There are people who are terrified at the uniformity of America, but it is nothing to that of the British Empire, which is far more British than imperial; an immovable, ugly dullness planted in the remotest parts of the earth because it is so like home. A man will slave for twenty years in order to build himself a villa like his father's, and then save for another fifteen in order to go home and buy himself a villa in Brixton or Campbelltown or Aberdeen, and his desire is to make the wilderness blossom like Brixton. It is not loyalty (the loyalty of the Higher Imperialism is an artificial thing), but a real dread of adventure, a horror of opening his eyes which must see everywhere only what they have been accustomed to see in infancy. There is, there can be no cure for it because the vast majority is persuaded that it is desirable. If you open your eyes you may be unlike your neighbour, who, for the same reason, would never dream of doing such a thing. So it goes, and the world is circled with an endless chain of orderly neighbours with their eyes tight shut because they know that no two pairs of eyes see exactly the same. This blindness is accepted as a point of view by the majority and this blindness is the Higher Imperialism.

I think I shall grow oranges. I am told that my green hill is a gold-mine, or alternatively, that if the vein is poor, it is as good as a gold-mine as a citrus proposition. You see, it is incomprehensible to the British mind that a man should live on a green hill because he likes it. I pay my bills cash down: therefore I must have money. Having money I must be on the look-out for more. I never meet a white man but he tells me where

there is copper or mica or chrome or gold or tobacco-land or corn-land or cattle-country, and the more I refuse the more fabulous do my intentions become. It is known that I receive letters from New York, and apparently New York at the present time means one thing only to the British mind: money. I should be entirely unintelligible if I explained that I wanted only enough money to be able to pay my way, and that to me New York was a kind of fermenting pot of the human spirit, the only place where I have discovered any effort to break away from the blindness of the multitude, the one place where, if I had not found my green hill, I would be.

There are already twenty orange trees all bearing glorious sunlit globes, and while I have been waiting for the change in the weather I have made a kind of rough garden, throwing in seeds broadcast and watching them spring up with what in England would be indecent haste. Just down the hill passion fruit grows wild and wildly, and by the little river in the valley there are mulberries. Why should I move? Why should I think of moving? Two hundred years of honest living can not make good the havoc wrought in Europe by the last seven years of rascality. Seven years! One can live only seventy, and a tenth of them is gone in combating the heathen in their blindness. Oh, trees are wise, Eusebius! They fight for their existence without talking about it, without wanting to be admired for it, and without wishing to be like every other tree. They have roots, as a man should have, they in the earth, he in humanity. If I stayed here I should root in the earth and grow books as my trees grow oranges, one crop a year, but I want something more timeless even than that. I want to be moving without going anywhere, to be living without a plan, unless to have no plan is one, to be writing without publication, finally to open my eyes both inward and outward, to harmonize if possible what I see with what I know.

Indulgence in irony is pleasant but it is a pretended escape when there is no escape, an intellectual substitute for the sentimentality which serves the vulgar. Where there is no escape, it is folly to seek one. A man must see or wither away, and so too must a people; but there again is the difficulty that in withering away there is a kind of bitter ecstasy which can easily be, and has often been, mistaken for joy, and indeed has been upheld as such by most of the founders of religion, who have been as thorough in their withering as the weather here has been in its change, which, as I thought just now, is what I have been pursuing these thousands of miles. It gives a clou, or a clue, or a note to what for years I have been labouring to express, labouring as though my single conscience must do service for my innumerable fellows: exactly the difference between that bitter ecstasy which works through violence and that joy whose operation is effortless and yet irresistible. The confusion, I am persuaded, is vital, because the very best and most generous men are constantly toiling to bring that bitter ecstasy to the irresistible quality of joy and their labours are in vain. They confound the hallucinations of agony, intense, sharp, pregnant as they often are, with the clarity of vision. They act where a visionary would withhold, and through their very generous sincerity they usurp the authority which belongs to vision and to vision alone. They have a power which is shared by all nature while vision is human entirely, the distinguishing power of man and, alas, through this confusion that I have understood so recently, the power which is least understood and most faintly acknowledged.

It may be that I can make these things clear to myself but not to others and that I am best isolated, thinking between one mountain and another. I shall move on to find out. I have made a garden where none was before and if I find that elsewhere my thought loses energy and my sight clarity, I can return, for it is unlikely that my hill will turn into a gold-mine or a citrus grove though if my flowers seed themselves, it may become a place of miraculous beauty. There are such hills in old paintings, and such hills in Christian countries have been

chosen as sites for monasteries. Here, where until very recently the inhabitants have wandered, hills have remained hills and no one has even thought about them, no one has painted them and there is no second-hand suggestion about their beauty. The light is that of a sun that shines for nine months in the year with no interruption save that of the night, so that there is not much room for error. There is very little accidental beauty, evanescent, fading, Chopinesque. Colour and form are one: form emerging at the zenith of colour: and the eyes are tested continually. Comfort and laziness are impossible, except at the price of degradation.

It may be that horsehair and antimacassars, those banners of the British, are deliberately waved in the face of beauty so powerful, so confident in the sun. "We will be," say the horsehair and the antimacassars to Nature, "like each other and not like you!" They are more eloquent than that since the world is governed by rhetoric—O! the mountain peaks of Mr. Lloyd George's childhood, and O! the hat and trousers of Abraham Lincoln!—and they govern the world. The horsehair supplies the body of British eloquence, and the antimacassar the Celtic peroration. Mountains and morals are oratorical ideas which have nothing whatever to do with practice, and I see that the Higher Imperialism claims that these bitter seven years will be remembered for the consolidation of East Africa and the Middle East when all else is forgotten. I think not: horsehair and antimacassars will become as much a matter of course in Africa and Arabia as in Birmingham or Kansas City because they are the natural result of railways, which carry the habits of those who build them wherever they go. It is as simple as that: people who are used to travelling at fifty miles an hour must dominate those whose rate is ten, and there is no need for all this patriotic fuss and military organization and back-patting and back-scratching. Build a railway through a country, introduce motor-cars and the inhabitants there will soon assimilate the manners and customs of Brooklyn and Bradford. It is not in the least a question of culture, not at all a spiritual question: it is purely a matter of speed, and any kind of human being who dislikes moving on his two legs takes to it as a duck takes to water, and once he has taken to it then it is farewell to his pedestrian, traditional, picturesque existence, to replace which there is nothing but the habits of those who have provided him with speed. He has no time to discover that they have been so busy doing so that they have forgotten their manners or the need for them and that their customs have dwindled into uniformity.

We must be near the end of all that. If there were no other symptom I could point to my present ambition to move at two miles an hour, or less if possible, to hear no mechanical rhythm whatever, not even the tick of a watch, and to hear as well as to see so that I may catch something of the rhythm out of which this jazzing beat and chatter has grown, so shrill that the bass is remote and almost always inaudible. I want to find out the meaning of that conscience which kept me, a restless, reckless, adventurous kind of queer-fish, pinned down for five years in a kind of living death in London and then shot me out through America, France, Italy, Egypt, Arabia, East and South Africa to ride horses (though Jones is more than a horse, a kind of centaur with wings), sow seeds and watch oranges grow. An uncomfortable feeling assails me that I shall find this meaning in Germany, where much more has come crashing down than the Empire and where a whole generation has begun its life and work in bitter hunger.

People who have been hungry never forget it. They have been forced into a vigilance which they never lose, lest the evil day should come again, and they have shed the most touching and engaging human quality: readiness to be swindled and a liking for it. The real German heroes were Reinecke Fuchs and Till Eulenspiegel, just as the real hero of the American moving picture is the successful crook; but hungry people learn that their heroes must be kept in their places, and that the price

of a grand swindle like an Empire may be too high. Yes, when I return to Europe it shall be almost at once to Germany. The ideal approach would be from New York to Genoa, where Mediterranean culture and Americanism have blended more harmoniously than anywhere else I know.

Meantime I am very busily content. With my horses and my oranges (I forgot to mention the dogs who have adopted me), I have as much of the external world as for the present I require and can continue my exploration of the internal in which every man can be his own Columbus; an idea which fills me with terror when I think what America meant as the New World and what it is in danger of dwindling into. Do Americans know what America stood for in the minds of William Blake and John Donne? Do they even know what America stood for in the mind of Walt Whitman? Or do they accept their States as a land of doughnuts and dough-boys? Terrible questions these because everything depends on the answer to them which shall be forthcoming any time these next ten years. There is no sign of their being answered yet anywhere and so there is nothing to be done, nothing to be said. Mind, heart and sense are kept at a terrible tension and the people turn wearily from one dreary lie to another like a wretched donkey looking for sweet hay in a pile of trusses that have all gone sour. There is no room for prophets or heroes: they are too expensive: there is nothing but the day's work, and, if you are lucky, the day's joke.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

SOME memory of old times drew me over to Staten Island the other day. The shore that I sought was the only one in my recollection which was at once within easy reach of the city, spacious, and set with its face towards the open sea. Presently, after passing through a waste of slum-villages, I found myself on a beach. I remembered it of old as consisting of a little "amusement-park" with a sprinkling of rickety bath-houses, separated from a similar park by a long strip of virgin sand. On the landward side, in the old days, stretched a wide sweep of salt marsh, more or less inundated by a tidal river that broke one's passage along the sea-front, except at low tide. The amusement-park I found had not ceased to exist; on the contrary, in the course of some half-dozen years it had solidly entrenched itself in the landscape; and its length now seemed interminable. Where the Japanese ball games and the bath-houses and the refreshment-palaces came to an end, a new kind of architectural obscenity, the beach-bungalow, had come into existence, and the view of the salt marsh was cut off by rows and rows, sometimes two or three deep, of what looked like Broddingnagian rabbit-hutches.

WHAT had happened to the open beach I used to know? A thousand people who liked sunlight and salt air had purchased building-sites and had put up bungalows; and thousands more were drawn to their vicinity every week, in search of surcease from the daily round and trivial task. Finding, however, neither salt air nor shelter nor sunlight nor solitude altogether to their taste, these people—visitors or residents—drifted into the scenic railways and dance-halls, ate frankfurters, and generally comported themselves in the attitudes that are popularly supposed by our citizenry to induce happiness and good cheer. What a travesty, not merely of the good life, but of the patent joys, of mere animality! Sadly I turned away from this picture of teeming decay to the hard, narrow margin of the beach, but alas! the sands seemed as wretched as the rest of the landscape: the flotsam and jetsam washed up by the waves spoke less of the sea and its mysteries than of the dump-heap.

THERE is a beach I know on the Coast of Maine, a long, noble beach that, with the ocean, forms one of the

pillars upon which the great arch of the sky is supported; and the wreckage one finds on that shore after a storm—perhaps a shark driven up by the breakers, or a school of hake—seems only to be sweetened by the wind and the sunlight, and never to decay. The island strand upon which I was walking was once that kind of a beach; but it was so no longer. I picked my way among blackened grapefruit and bananas; here a leg of putrid salt beef; there a dead sea-bird with a long beak and dirty, bedraggled feathers; and, of course, everywhere piles and piles of driftwood. I warped my steps toward the trolley-track which spans the two amusement-parks. Here there were no disappointments. The trolley was the same old trolley that has long subsisted by collecting a feudal revenue from people who wish to cross the tidal stream and can not do so except by riding in the car over a precarious trestle. The same old trestle and the same old car that I had known so many years ago! Privilege, at least, seemed to know the secret of self-preservation.

WRAPPED in a double thickness of solitude, I sat down on a bench by the trolley-track, but in spite of myself I shortly found myself in conversation with a vacant-faced young man who affected brazen hair and sunburnt, khaki clothes. This idle individual added a few more items to my list of spiritual casualties; first, by remarking that he had changed his mind about going in for a swim because the water was too dirty and thick with oil; second, by correlating this defilement with the disappearance of weakfish and bluefish in the Bay; and third—well, he began to drivel, in a sort of shorthand, about the diminution, in contrast with previous years, of flirtatious encounters along the beach on recent Saturdays and Sundays and the probable diversion of the traffic to Coney Island. This sickly lout, with his dull chatter of obscenity, put a final touch to the unhappy spectacle of waste and dreariness and decay.

THIS devastated strip of beach, these disastrous bungalows, these dismal amusement-parks, this dreary youth and the sweethearts he gabbled about; these things and people are not part of a settled, cultivated community: they are the offal of a civilization which is perpetually "on the make," and therefore perpetually "on the move"; a civilization which is as impermanent as that of the pioneer, though lacking the pioneer's excuse for existence. Puritanism indeed! The word that describes the crudeness of the greater part of our civilization is not "puritanism," but "barbarism"; and it is a barbarism of which even the Australian aborigine should be ashamed.

I HAVE been reading lately in Addison's "Anecdotes" that King Richard III of England had a natural son, who seems to have entirely escaped the attention of historians, ancient and modern. I am curious about that boy. His story as it is related by Addison is a brief one, but it is worth telling. It runs thus:

In the walls of the ancient House of Sir Edward Dering, in the County of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found written by a bastard son of Richard III, not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: This youth was privately educated in the country at a great expense, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the king sent after him, and he was privately conducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret—that he was his father, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days) he said: 'Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales: if the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired: there is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance.' The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came: the battle ensued: Richard fell: his son immediately set off for the capital, and, being about sixteen years of age, placed himself with a mason of great eminence. The gracefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage, which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The Master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose

skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, no less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety and modesty, and during that period he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with the request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (enclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall), was not known or discovered till so lately as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.

Truly a remarkable son of royalty. Think of it—an architect, a modest, pious man of learning, a scientist! Here surely was the very man that Socrates was looking for, a royal philosopher!

WHAT a curious collection of stories, poems and allegories is to be found in these eight volumes of Addison's "Interesting Anecdotes." It is unfortunate that the work is so little known, so seldom referred to. Take, for example, this queer story about the royal "hunchback" himself:

In the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn where Richard the Third passed the night before the battle of Bosworth, and there is a story of him, still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrated the caution and darkness of that Prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

Here is a whole drama in a paragraph. But one's mind recurs to the story of that young bastard, that royal architect—it is a pity he did not reach the throne. Historians might have had something really worth recording about royalty if that young philosopher had ruled over England.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

SIRS: I am reminded by your editorial "On Behalf of the Humanities," in the *Freeman* of 27 July, of a remark of a friend of mine summarizing his view of American education. "American schools and universities," he said, "are places where the young are taken in, their brains scooped out and the vacuum filled with pith." I am, etc.,

G. FREEMAN.

AN APPEAL FOR RUSSIA.

SIRS: For three years Russia has been fighting for our American liberties, for had the Soviet system gone down, liberal and radical movements the world over would have been set back a hundred years. But "the barefoot citizen-armies" fought off Judenitch and Wrangel, Kolchak and Clemenceau and Lloyd George and Wilson. To-day a new and more monstrous enemy has raised its head—Famine. The Allied blockade, in league with brute nature, that cares as little for the louse as for the brightest dream of mankind, have done their work well. The famine is to be made a master-stroke of counter-revolution, but the attempt will inevitably fail. Russia has gone through other famines, and it will suffer again and survive.

The Soviet Government is appealing to the world for food, not that the revolution may be preserved; it is asking our help that countless thousands of human lives may be

saved. We must forget all political differences in this hour of life and death. In a famine, as in fire or flood, the human species must close its ranks in solidarity.

Those who wish to help with gifts of money should send their donations at once to the American Committee for Relief of Children in Soviet Russia, Room 506, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. This committee, which specializes in milk for babies and medical supplies, has already managed to send several shiploads of goods to Russia, but its work has only just begun, it must be expanded, or it means nothing.

May we appeal to your readers to send their contributions at once? Thousands of Russian babies are near death—let us save them! We are, etc.,

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI,
MICHAEL GOLD.

New York City.

"GROWTH OF THE SOIL."

SIRS: The fact that the influence of a great book does not cease with the cessation of the formal reviews that greet it on its publication emboldens me to write this letter. It is, I suppose, a commonplace maxim in the code of the book-reviewer that direct comparison with an older, well-known book is one of the simplest, most effective means of expressing one's impression of a new book. It surprises me, therefore, that no one of the reviews of "Growth of the Soil" that I have seen has made mention of "The Swiss Family Robinson." This is all the more surprising when one remembers that every one is familiar with "The Swiss Family Robinson," and that all the reviews of Hamsun's book began and ended with its simple, direct presentation of stark fundamentals. Both books are concerned with man's struggle with Nature in her wilderness stronghold; both books are childlike in their detailed directness; both books are pictures of growth as vivid as a cinema presentation of the unfolding of a butterfly's wings.

The differences, of course, are the factors that make the newer book the more significant. In spite of the fact that "The Swiss Family Robinson" is a childhood classic, "Growth of the Soil" is the more childlike book, the book that is the more directly concerned with the mysteries of birth, and love, and death. Its complete lack of sophistication in its concern with these problems contrasted with the glossiness of the older book in this respect, makes it impossible to read "Growth of the Soil" and not be aware of the impenetrable curtain that makes useless the eyes of those men who can see. I am, etc.,

New York City.

BERT GILL.

WE ARE MISJUDGED.

SIRS: In the first paragraph on the first page of your issue of 27 July, you make two statements, which, like the reported demise of Mark Twain, are, to say the least, exaggerated. First, that Great Britain is an insolvent debtor; and second, that the British claim for about \$32 million for transporting United States troops to Europe is a doubtful claim. Britain is not insolvent, as has been proved over and over again in recent months, but a mere proof does not seem to have any effect on American critics. So far as Britain's share of the debt to the United States is concerned, she borrowed the bulk of the money to lend to a lot of insolvent States in Europe, who had to have the money to carry on the war, and to whom the United States was not generous enough, or had too much sense (take it which way you like), to lend money herself. If Britain transported United States troops to Europe it does seem reasonable that she should be paid for it. Of course, in a better world she might gladly do it for nothing.

Consider, too, that her payments and her security to the United States for munitions and food for herself and her European allies piled up the 100 to 500 per-cent dividends for your "hard-faced men who did well out of the war"—we had some ourselves. I am not raising the question whether the United States Government did wisely in paying Great Britain \$32,688,352 for the little bill at this time. It is more than likely that it is merely a matter of book-keeping, and no money passed at all. My objection is to the unfortunate habit of very many United States periodicals, liberal and otherwise, of knocking Great Britain at every conceivable (and inconceivable) opportunity; a habit, I suppose which is a legacy of the little red schoolhouse days when Britain was the villain in the history books. Attitudes of mind learned in childhood are hard to grow out of, but one reader, however, did hope that the editors of the *Freeman* had outgrown the back-lot point of

view. Of course, I have as little use for British as for American imperialism. I am, etc.,
Vancouver, B. C.

HERBERT E. TURTLE.

THE CART AND THE HORSE.

SIRS: In your article headed "Under a Leaden Sky" in the *Freeman* of 20 July I think you have arrived at an incorrect conclusion. You say, "If human nature in America is not so susceptible [of a deliberate cohesion] it is because we lack a living literature. . . . Before any of these agencies [propaganda, etc.] can be effective we must have the consciousness, and before we can have the consciousness we must have that which awakens it; and who is to do this awakening if it is not the progressive-liberal intellectuals themselves?"

Now I had always thought that it worked the other way around. That we have no living literature because we in America are not as a whole self-conscious strikes me as being nearer the truth. The writers of a nation are the barometers by which one can tell the tendencies of the mass of the people: they do not awaken thought any more than a barometer causes the changes in the weather. The very same conditions are influencing the minds of the crowd that are influencing the more sensitive mind of a poet; but the latter, because of its higher sensitiveness, reacts more quickly and might, therefore, seem to lead rather than merely to precede.

If, indeed, the writer is extremely sensitive and reacts long before the duller members of his race, we get a man ahead of his time, who will have to look to posterity for recognition. He is not appreciated by his contemporaries because he does not write of that which is attracting their attention. In fact, in your discussion of a biography of Artemus Ward in the same number of the *Freeman* you say just that. "As a critic of our society, however, he has never, we think, been appreciated. . . . We believe . . . that as the American people progress in objectivity Ward will more and more securely take rank as a critic of our society." Is Ward, then, awakening this objectivity? Did Arnold and Clough lead the English people of the nineteenth century into religious doubt or were they only spokesmen of a general movement?

To my mind, therefore, since it would be more accurate to say that we will have a literature when we have been awakened, not that we will be awakened when we have a literature, your proposal that every capable person should write is not a remedy for American apathy. I am, etc.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

JAMES G. EDMONDS.

MR. FORD DISSENTING.

SIRS: Allow me to suggest that something more than mere assertion on your part is necessary to convince a reader that the railways of the country are mismanaged for the personal benefit of a rascally inner ring of bankers and security-manipulators. If you will reflect for a moment that the great bulk of railway-securities are held by what I will term *bona-fide* investors—life-insurance companies, savings banks, fiduciaries generally, and thrifty individuals—all of whom have a direct pecuniary stake in the matter, being solely concerned with the safety of their principal and the surety of their income, I think you will have some difficulty in explaining the fact that in the general course of your comment and analysis as directed upon railway affairs there is a total lack of suggestion of the existence of the practices which you take for granted.

Financial news and gossip spare no one, for the self-interest of the whole financial community effectually nullifies any effort of any individual interest or group of interests, however powerful, to prevent misdoing from coming to public knowledge. The thing may be covered for a time, but eventually murder will out. There was a time when roads were deliberately wrecked by individuals in control, also a time when they were used as instruments of monopoly and privilege; such abuses provoked an excessive public regulation, which in turn has been followed by a general disposition to deal liberally with the carriers in the hope that they can be re-established on a sound basis of earnings and credit, after which any undue surplus of profits can be eliminated. This, however, is by the way. I wish merely to emphasize the fact that financial comment is so bare of any suggestion of the corrupt practices which you take for granted.

In particular, you have more than hinted of an established practice on the part of railway-executives of abusing their trust in favour of equipment-companies in which they personally are interested. Now if you will compare the magnitude of the railway-interest with the relative insignificance of

the equipment-interest—I speak in terms of capital invested—I can not help but think you will realize the practical impossibility of the condition you assume. The equipment-companies of this country might be enriched beyond the dreams of avarice by a very slight drain upon the immense reservoir of railway-capital. If there had been the systematic looting of railways in their favour which you predicate their shares would to-day be selling in the thousands of dollars. What has become of all these railway billions handed over to the equipments? I am, etc.,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

R. S. DOWSE.

AS AN IRISHMAN SEES IT.

SIRS: In your "Current Comment" of 13 July, which has just reached me, you write of the British Government being "obliged to defend to the last ditch absentee-landlordism and the other economic advantages which Britishers enjoy at Irish expense." Such writing reads to us on the spot like a back number. The issue between Sinn Fein and the British Government is not absenteeism, which as an economic factor ceased more than a decade ago, nor is it economic advantages "which Britishers enjoy at Irish expense." Their ineffective army of occupation costs the British over £12 million a year, not to speak of auxiliary expenses; surely, with Mr. Norman Angell once more at full blast on his illusion-shattering trumpet, you do not suggest that the English voter gets a cash return for that expenditure. Even the monopolists pass by Ireland, for, as Æ has remarked, we have yet to strike oil.

No, the thing is subtler than those who have long judged every international move by "standard" motives can readily apprehend. It is nearer the mark to say that England's war-cry "for small nations" made Ireland look higher and more hopefully than she had looked for a century, but England's peace-with-victory pride made her less inclined to grant to the weak what she had successfully, by the skin of her teeth, denied to the strong. The Irish issue has been confused enough, God knows. In England most people agree that theirs is the worst Government they have had for a century, but the party-platforms have all mixed planks and until some sorting is done the present flotsam coalition will remain the biggest raft in the eddy. In Ireland an equal majority would be for the opinion that Sinn Fein has fought as clean a fight as a guerilla crossed with modern war may allow, but the analogy of the European war, which in this microcosm which is Ireland has been closely followed, should be enough to teach that war-effort and war-aims may be utterly different, the one homogeneous, inflexible, the other *tot homines quot sententiae*.

If I may say so, you have made two false simplifications. You take for granted that Sinn Fein is the hero and the British Government the villain. Horrible things have been done on both sides, but without knowing the details we expect such a paper as yours to indicate "the real tragedy not of the struggle of right with wrong, but of right with right." You state that this corner of that struggle is economic, whereas it is psychological.

It is because one accepts *Freeman* principles when one can not examine in detail the general truth of your statements on world policies that, when on a point where one has "spot knowledge" one finds in your pages propaganda instead of penetration, one is genuinely disturbed even to the length of this letter. I am, etc.,

Dublin, Ireland.

A FELLOW-FREEMAN.

ANY great public question has many aspects, and it always seems to us good policy to lay stress on the aspects of it that are least known. The aspects of the Irish trouble which our correspondent dwells on are thoroughly well known here; every one knows them. The aspects which we have dwelt on are hardly known at all.—EDITORS.

BEAUTY AND THE PICTURESQUE.

SIRS: At least one of your readers would violently disagree with Mr. Lewis Mumford's article, "Beauty and the Picturesque," in the *Freeman* for 13 July. Without deprecating in the least his enthusiasm for the annual exhibition of the Architectural League, one can only lament that he should have fallen into such a droll mare's nest of criticism. Mr. Mumford has read his Ruskin well; but it is to be doubted if the Slade Professor himself could stand for some of the nonsense in this article. He might accept Mr. Mumford's definition of the picturesque, albeit not at all consonant with his own usage of the term; but I think it highly probable that he would declare that if, as Mr. Mumford says, "The picturesque is a quality that lies wholly in the eyes of the beholder," then so certainly is beauty! Again, Ruskin might

agree that "Beauty is inseparable from use; it is the outward token of an inward grace"; but to set this—which he termed "organic beauty," the beauty of "the felicitous fulfillment of function"—above "typical beauty," Mr. Mumford's "picturesque" would seem to him the rankest sort of heresy.

Further, Mr. Mumford remarks that "It is almost a banality to point out how, historically, as the picturesque has developed in art, beauty has tended to disappear from life." It is decidedly a banality. But if Mr. Mumford means to predicate a casual connexion between the two then there will be some of us, including the writer, who will stubbornly refuse to follow! Speaking of the "aesthetic rapture of the picturesque," he says that "we have shifted to a central place in art what is after all only a poignant accident of vision." Is it only an accident, or may it not be something a little deeper than Mr. Mumford suspects, something inherent in vision itself and not to be lightly swept away by the whitest critical hand? Your contributor declares, "A world in which the contemplative mood were uppermost would go to the dogs—though doubtless it would meet its doom with the traditional beatitude of the Christian martyrs," and that from a writer who has just quoted Emerson in his preceding paragraph!

Frankly Mr. Mumford's dualism, satisfactory as it may be to his own inner consciousness, will not hold water, and has been shown not to hold water over and over again since the days of Plato. If what he says be true of the graphic arts, then it must be true of all others, and he will be led to the position of denying all value to music and poetry because not "inseparable from use"! Of course his strategy in that case would be to re-define what he means by "use"; in other words, set up another dualism on top of the old. There is no end to dualism, once the critic has committed himself to it, and it has the regrettable effect, as Mr. Mumford must know, of laying him open to suspicion on every point. Is Mr. Mumford really fooling himself, or does he deliver this twaddle, all the time with his tongue in his cheek, for the benefit of his friends of the Architectural League? I am, etc.,

Columbus, Ohio. BERNARD RAYMUND.

BOOKS.

HINDENBURG'S LINE.

IN the two volumes of 545 pages entitled "Out of My Life" we have in his own words the life of Marshal von Hindenburg. One short chapter tells of his youth, another of his experiences in the war with Austria and the conflict with France in 1870, another of his peace work for the army, and a fourth of his retirement at a ripe old age full of honours. On the ninety-fifth page of the first volume begins his account of the world war. The story of his labours in the famous Russian campaigns which brought him renewed glory, and the record of his part in the war down to the end of 1916, complete the first part of the narrative. The second volume is devoted to the campaigns of 1917 and 1918 and the final phases of the war.

Most of the text is concerned with military operations, but there are some chapters on politics and on the internal conditions of Germany which are chiefly valuable as recording the opinions of von Hindenburg himself. The military memorandum presented is confined largely to a recital of events which are already well known and derives such worth as it possesses from the personality of the author. There is not a single passage in the two volumes which the student of history will view as a "revelation," but still he must read them both. The author has laid all readers under a great debt by being rugged and naive, and the translator has made smooth the way by a clear and sensible rendering of the original.

The great Field Marshal was of old Prussian military stock, born in 1847. His father was stern and his mother merciful. His parents brought him up in "a confident belief in our Lord God and a boundless love for our Fatherland—and what they regarded as the prop and pillar of that Fatherland—our Prussian Royal House." From the beginning to the end, in triumph and in adversity, he kept the faith. When he passed through the fire of battle in the Austrian war, his first emotion was

"thankfulness to our Lord God." When the Kaiser ordered him to the front in 1914 he went "with perfect confidence in our Lord God." When he celebrated victory and his birthday in 1915, it was with "thanks in my heart to God." References to divine favours diminish towards the end of the work and disappear altogether in the last chapter.

There is not much venom in the Marshal's story. With a certain stoical resignation, such as befits all military men, he accepts the evil and good of the day as sufficient, and awaits patiently the future. He does not wall over defeat or spend any time in vain regrets. He can not, however, forbear an occasional thrust at the British. In Rome's ruthless selfishness, in her willingness to use all weapons, in her duplicity, in her skilfully staged and righteous indignation when paid in her own coin, and in her exploitation of the weakness of her enemies, von Hindenburg sees only "the mirror and perfection of British statesmanship which succeeded in developing all these aspects of the diplomatic art to the highest pitch of refinement and duplicity." Even Mr. Wilson and his Fourteen Points arouse no undue emotion in the Marshal's breast. He thinks the President treated England's violation of international law with leniency, and was, on the other hand, very touchy when Germany replied with the U-boat. He believes that from the beginning Mr. Wilson, while preserving the letter of neutrality, was, as an Anglo-Saxon, unneutral in spirit. Still there is no anguish or repining.

As to launching the unrestricted submarine war, the Marshal takes his full share of responsibility. He thinks it justified on the ground of England's unlawful blockade and he speedily disposes of the ethical question which disturbs so many American philosophers. On the score of the risk incurred he is equally serene. Without great risks there are no great achievements. It is all in the soldier's workday. But it brought America into the lists? Still the Marshal is adamant. He holds to the opinion that other than military reasons account for Germany's discomfiture. Why was so much staked on the great German drives in 1918 when the army might have been saved for endless defence? Von Hindenburg is yet unmoved. His answer is that he believed that he could snatch the laurel before America could bear heavily in the scale, that a policy of defence could only end in worse than defeat, complete exhaustion. 'So he played the great game with the little lives of men, and lost. Why lament, he thinks. We have drained the cup of victory; we shall not whine over the dregs of defeat.

Even the Fourteen Points which the German press never ceases to recite before the world were not taken too seriously by the Marshal. He knows (what we all know now from certain documents printed in Marx, "Handbuch der Revolution," vol. I.) that it was the German General Staff which forced the German Civil Government to cry aloud for peace on the basis of the Points. He knows that the Staff did that because it was beaten in the field. It had no tenderness in the matter of imposing terrible terms on the vanquished. It sought to play up Mr. Wilson's programme in an hour of ruin, because it contained the most promise for Germany. The Marshal is too shrewd, too honest, too frank with himself to play the baby about fourteen or any number of points. He whimpers a bit and straightway resumes his iron repose.

Only three other things bring passing shadows over the placid brow. The first is enemy propaganda in millions of endearing pamphlets showered upon the soldiers at the front. The Marshal can fight against tanks, gas, and bombs, but that cursed thing, opinion, baffles him. He admits that it had a terrible effect upon his men. The second thing was political and social revolution in Germany. That seemed to him so vain, so useless, and so contrary to sound Prussian traditions that he can hardly endure it. Nevertheless, he could not bring himself to turn his army from the front to employ it on the recalcitrant nation. His stomach was strong but it sickened a bit at that last resource of the reactionary. The

¹ "Out of My Life." Marshal von Hindenburg. New York: Harper & Brothers.

third thing that disturbed the Marshal's poise was the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was so rude, so indecorous, and so inconsiderate that he could hardly bring himself to think of it. He was especially pained by Trotsky's conduct at Brest-Litovsk. He thought the people's commissar degraded the dignified conference "to the level of the tub-thumper's street corner": he suspects that the Entente was behind the antics of the tub-thumper but he refuses to say so. He tells us that the triumph over Russia was a doubtful victory for him, that the Bolsheviks poured a ruinous propaganda into Germany, and that peace with them seemed likely to be worse than an armistice. This view is also confirmed now by the testimony of Ludendorff and Hoffmann, but American scholars know that it can not be true. Do not the Sisson documents, fumigated and sprinkled by our high priests in the cult of Clio, prove that the Bolsheviks were only German agents? It was so said in the beginning and must ever be. Marshal von Hindenburg must be merely attempting to clear his good name and that of the All-Highest from the sinister charge of Bolshevism.

The Marshal is serene to the last. He thinks that German historical continuity will be restored where it was broken off. Some Germans fall sick at heart and flee away, but von Hindenburg remains at his post. He will not live to see it, but he firmly believes that Germany will arise triumphant. Then perhaps he may take his place in the temple of the great war-gods. Yet one is conscious that something is missing. The Marshal does not mention God in his last chapter.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

HERE ARE THE FACTS.

WHENEVER socialism is discussed one hears the remark, "all socialistic experiments have failed." This refers, of course, to the attempts that have been made from time to time to run experimental socialist "colonies," and as none of these colonies have ever been initiated, as a matter of fact, by believers in scientific socialism, the objection has nothing to do with actual socialism at all. Nor has this article anything to do with socialism, although it deals with a number of experimental social "colonies"—using the word loosely. These settlements have been organized by groups of people who believe that the way to gain the greatest measure of justice and harmony in man's social life is to untax industry and to take, instead of the multitudinous taxes that burden us all today, the whole economic rent of the land. In a word, these settlers are disciples of Henry George. They are also people who have tired of, or who have never had high hopes of, the method of propaganda. It has seemed to them that to wait until enough people were "converted" to the idea of land-value taxation to "put it through" would be to wait a good while. So they have acquired the land and have simply converted that. They have gone quietly to work; and with the exception of the settlement at Fairhope, Alabama, practically nothing has been known of these colonies by the outside world. Now their representatives have published their first account of themselves.¹

In a way they have produced a very tantalizing book. One is so used to propaganda everywhere in these days, that one expects to find it here. Think of the possibilities! The glowing descriptions of an ideal life: apostrophes to freedom: general all-round eloquence. Instead of that we have a narrative, bare as it can be, of the actual progress of these "enclaves," as they are called, in terms of numbers of settlers, and areas and values, and of their actual constitutions and legislative enactments.

Five of these so-called colonies are in America: Fairhope, Alabama; Arden, Delaware; Tahanto, Massachusetts; Halidon, Maine; and Free Acres, New Jersey. The sixth is San Jordi (St. George) in the Republic of An-

dorra, and in this Mr. Fiske Warren, one of its two trustees, is especially interested because it is established in a free-trade country; it is the lack of free trade in America that hinders the full demonstration of the working of land-value taxation which a smoothly running enclave would give.

The constitution of these enclaves is relatively simple. In all cases the lands are leased to their occupiers and these pay to the trustees of the enclave a tax equivalent to the annual economic rent. Then the trustees as a body pay to the State and county whatever taxes they assess. In this way the individual landholder in an enclave, while he necessarily suffers to a certain extent from the restrictions which our politicians put upon enterprise, is freed from a great proportion of them. He can go ahead as far as he likes in improving his property, and he is not penalized. In some enclaves the trustees have gone farther than in others, in this matter of paying taxes for the individual holder:

Thus in essence the single tax prevails; but, on the other hand, in no one of them has there been any attempt to pay either the customs or the excise or the national income-tax, or to make good the artificial increase in the prices of domestic goods due to the 'protective' policy. Thus, to a substantial degree, the plan as so far exemplified fails to realize the splendid conception of Henry George of a single tax on the value of land, involving free trade with foreign countries and freedom from interferences at home. But it is much to untax improvements, and thereby to untax local industry.

As these enclaves are purely individualistic in their interior policies, it is not surprising that they are free from the dangers of dissension and dissolution that socialistic colonies are subject to:

The vitality of the enclaves is to be noted. All of the many socialistic communities of America, with the notable exception of Amana in Iowa (and it, although still vigorous, is now suffering decline), are either dead or dying, while each of the single-tax communities has grown in strength with the successive years. It was but natural at the beginning that many Single Taxers should have been doubtful about the issue. The judgment of Henry George himself, when consulted regarding Fairhope, was unfavourable. He thought it inadvisable to risk the reputation of the single tax on the success of a pioneering experiment in land, which might fail for practical reasons entirely unconnected with the principle; moreover, the project seemed to him more akin to the nationalization of land than to the single tax which he advocated.

We are then given figures showing the growth of the colonies since 1911, from which we learn that the gross rent of the five American enclaves rose from \$5,109 to \$17,410 or 247 per cent. The story of Fairhope with its ambitious town-planning scheme and its already well-tried school of "organic education" is already fairly well known. It may not be so well known, however, that the Fairhope community possesses a railway which, from the standpoint of finance and privilege, is the worst in the world. It never pays any dividends and it is utterly without any exclusive franchise that might protect it from competition. In fact, about all it is able to do is to transport goods and passengers. It will shortly extend its lines to connect Fairhope with the Louisville and Nashville Railway. All the road is permitted to do is to charge a rate that will cover "necessary charges and a surplus sufficient to provide for renewal of plant and amortization."

The conditions under which such growth as that recorded above is made, may best be summarized from a smaller area than that of Fairhope. Take Arden, Delaware, for example. It is located six miles north of Wilmington, and was founded in 1900 by Mr. Frank Stephens and Mr. William Price, and at the present time the 162 acres of the colony are occupied by 140 leaseholders and there are a hundred dwellings, as well as the inn. The rents as collected vary from twenty-five dollars to seventy-six dollars an acre, and the value of the land is determined by the Somers system—Arden being the first of the enclaves to apply it. The legal title to the land is held by the trustees, who pay all the ordinary taxes—including that on automobiles. The community elects three townsmen and seven assessors by the Hare system

¹ "Enclaves of Single Tax: Being a Compendium of the Legal Documents Involved, together with a historical description." Charles White Huntington. Fiske Warren: Harvard, Mass.

of proportional representation, and a clerk and an accountant. The money which is left after the trustees have paid the State and local taxes and the expenses of the trust, is turned over to be applied "to such common uses, desired by a majority of the residents as, in the judgment of the trustees, are properly public, in that they can not be left to individuals without giving one an advantage over others." Thus Arden presents a representative and democratic system of government. Arden is also notable as being the first community in the United States to establish a Raiffeisen banking system, which is based on character, not collateral, and which is a rural credit union following the plan "originated about the middle of the last century by Burgomeister Raiffeisen of the village of Heddesdorf, Germany."

In the other enclaves, while details differ, substantially the same idea of individualism, representative and democratic government, and freedom of industry from taxation, are the guiding principles and actual practice. As the enclaves grow it is expected that they will become laboratories in which certain moot questions of land-value taxation can be answered experimentally. Such questions are, in the words of the introduction:

Shall railways be publicly owned or operated? Shall mines be treated by taking the economic rent, as under the ordinary rule of single tax; or shall they be regarded as a capital value to be reproduced elsewhere on the earth as a capital value in proportion as the mines are depleted? Shall the distribution of water, gas, and electricity be communal or private? How nearly is it practicable to take the whole economic rent? Shall a forest be called a site-value or an improvement? Can the increment in rent due to private water-works be collected as a proper part of the economic rent? After collecting the economic rent and paying the ordinary expenses, can the remainder, if any, be devoted to any purpose whatever, or how shall expenses that are properly governmental be defined?

The publisher of this book, who is probably the one leading figure in and inspirer of the whole enclave movement, intends to bring out a volume each year, hereafter, bearing on the progress of the work. Criticism, therefore, may well be put in the form of suggestion for future volumes. What we should like to see then is, first, an actual balance-sheet of an enclave, perhaps in a simplified form, showing, if not actually, then diagrammatically, just what rent was paid in by the occupiers of the land, and what taxes were paid in by their trustees. Then, if it could be done, we should like to see some figures, real or diagrammatic, of some of the private enterprises that go on in these colonies, showing the relation of their finances to the fiscal policy under which they are running. What this last request really amounts to is for a picture of the actual life of the enclave. The book before us is a picture of the constitutional and political life of the enclave. It might be said that it does for the enclave what Viscount Bryce does for American "democracy." What we want next is to see an enclavian describe the other side of the medal.

Meanwhile, the present book, although it is written by a man who is evidently shunning the sensational and propagandist attitude, will interest deeply any reader who comes to it in the serious spirit in which it is written. Half of the book at least is devoted to legal documents, but even they are a welcome change after the sort of thing that social reformers and politicians invariably give us. The motto of most reformers to-day is "Let your light so shine before men that they may be dazzled and think they see your good works when they do not." But Mr. Huntington and Mr. Warren have gone to the other extreme. "Here are the facts," they quietly remark. It is to be hoped that these facts will be thoroughly discussed, for these colonists have started a movement which, as they claim, can be extended indefinitely. Their theory is that the enclave shall extend and extend until, without any legislation or public agitation, but with a constant acceleration due to the widening advantages of the system, the land of the country shall pass under natural taxation. Then we shall wake up one day and find the whole thing a *fait accompli*, and all we shall have to do will be to abolish the governing bodies (which will

be superfluous by that time) that now relieve us of our surplus wealth.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

THE THEATRE OF THE ARGENTINE.

THREE recent books upon the theatre of the Argentine¹—which means for all practical purposes the city of Buenos Ayres, and is at the same time so inclusive of Montevideo across the river that the nationality of the authors is constantly being confused even by natives—emphasize the importance of the stage in the life of cultivated South America. The volumes by Señores Juan Pablo Echagüe and Alfredo Bianchi are collections of criticisms that first appeared in the daily press or, as in the case of Señor Bianchi, in the columns of that stimulating monthly *Nosotros* (*We*), in which the more advanced thinkers among the youth of Spanish America speak their minds with engaging candour. The third volume under consideration is Señor Giusti's study of the plays of Florencio Sánchez, which is the first attempt, I believe, to present a just appraisal of the work of that ill-fated Uruguayan who rose so quickly to fame and as quickly was lost to it. Señores Bianchi and Giusti, indeed, were the moving spirits in the establishing of *Nosotros* almost fifteen years ago: "Jean Paul," the pseudonym by which Señor Echagüe is best known, first attracted attention by his criticisms in the columns of *El País*, whence he graduated to *La Nación* and renown. All three of these writers share one admirable quality: the determination to speak their sincere opinions in an environment where the temptations to friendly indulgence are many. For the rest, they are more apt to agree upon the technical aspects of the plays considered than upon the interpretation either of the plays themselves or of their significance to the national stage and to art in general.

The theatre of the Rio de la Plata is still in process of formation, though it has already produced a number of significant dramatists who have established an intimate contact with life and have succeeded in communicating to their audiences the sense of having lived through vital experiences. To foreigners, any mention of the Argentine theatre, if it suggests anything at all, is most likely to conjure up images of a *gaucho* drama developing from improvised performances in the circling. This, of course, is something less than half the truth, as the better drama of South America has gone beyond the *gaucho* themes into the consideration of contemporary life. Indeed, one of the complaints of the critics is against an excessive adherence to *gaucho* themes in the mistaken notion that this means an autochthonous drama; for, after all, the "cowboy of the pampas," with all his romance, his primitive resistance to central authority, his pioneer dash, is no more symbolic of contemporary Argentina than our own cowboy of the Jesse James period is the embodiment of the United States of to-day. On the other hand, there is the danger of undue foreign influence, especially Russian and French; Señor Echagüe does not believe that the Argentine playwright ought to establish a gloomy drama or one depicting domestic infelicities in the European manner. Such things, he declares, are not true to the environment which is, on the whole, noted for the purity of its home life and for that degree of optimism which is characteristic of a growing civilization. In these views of Señor Echagüe's, as well as in his nationalistic outlook, one seems to detect a limitation placed upon the artist, despite the critic's tolerant spirit. One of Señor Echagüe's own commentators speaks of his having attacked the international idea without being aware of the difference between the nationalism that is born of biological traits and the nationalism that is created for private purposes by the ruling classes. Señor Echagüe's views exhibit, too, a somewhat excessive eagerness to turn the stage to

¹ "Un Teatro en Formación." Juan Pablo Echagüe. Buenos Ayres. Imprenta Tragant.

"Teatro Nacional." Alfredo A. Bianchi. Buenos Ayres.

"Florencio Sánchez." Roberto F. Giusti. Buenos Ayres: Agencia Sud-Americana de Libros.

didactic, and even "moral," purposes. He does not seem to possess a deep sense of dynamic æsthetics, and his otherwise admirable criticisms suffer from an undercurrent of Christian and moralistic suggestion. He is, in short, a transition-critic of a transition-drama.

The difference between Señores Echagüe and Bianchi is manifest in their respective attitudes towards such a play as Sánchez's "Los Derechos de la Salud" (The Rights of Health). Where the former critic finds only gloom, unreality and false psychology, the latter (erring, in my opinion, towards the opposite extreme), discovers a play which, if it had been produced originally in French, he believes, would have established its author's reputation instead of proving, as it did, a failure in Buenos Ayres. Señor Bianchi, however, understands Sánchez better, I believe, than does Señor Echagüe, although the latter is more to be trusted in his criticisms of purely technical matters. Of the two critics, Señor Bianchi is the better exponent of the time-spirit of which, in his country and as one of the present directors of *Nosotros*, he is a part. In a conflict between Uruguayan and Argentine critics as to the merits of the purely Argentine drama he is capable of siding with the Uruguayans, although he is himself an Argentine; he has international vision, technical understanding, long experience with the Spanish-American youth that suffers so much from the kind of "literature" for which Verlaine expressed his contempt.

Señor Giusti's little book on Sánchez is written in his characteristically sober style. He makes no idol of his subject, but frankly discusses his weaknesses, his intellectual strength, his qualities and his defects, stifling at the outset any tendency to create a Sánchez legend of a genius who starved unappreciated. The true tale is quite unlike this. A Uruguayan himself, Sánchez brought reality to the Argentine stage; his plays are noted chiefly for his stenographic style, his skill at exposition, his colour and dialogue. Despite what some of his admirers say, he was not a profound psychologist, but his twenty plays are remarkable for compression and vitality. They do not all rise to the level of literature but they abound with an artistic life that merits recognition beyond his native regions.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MANY things may be forgiven the author of "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale," but it is difficult to forgive even Mr. Arnold Bennett for foisting upon us such insipid miscellanies as "Things That Have Interested Me." Mr. Bennett has not the power, which (whatever else we may say of him), Mr. Chesterton has, of making almost any subject interesting. In the present volume, indeed, he manages to be incredibly dull on many subjects—"Translating Literature into Life," for instance—on which we might expect him to be interesting with ease. Most of the fragments here preserved are discursive without being beguiling and topical without being fresh. "Few authors," says Mr. Bennett, "seem to realize that the first business of an author is to write, and that, if an author can not write, whatever his other qualifications may be, he has no excuse for producing a book." Mr. Bennett does not seem to realize that at least the second business of an author is to be something more than banal when attempting to interest other people in things that have interested him.

N. A.

THE trouble with Sir Philip Gibbs is that as yet he has obtained no clear perspective of the subject of the late war. He is filled to overflowing with a mass of undigested impressions, emotions, convictions, and he spills them out upon us, hit or miss. The result is mere confusion. This does not mean that his book, "Wounded Souls," is uninteresting. Dealing as it does with such a vital subject as the war, it can hardly fail to interest us in this day and generation; for all that, however, the volume has none of the qualities of longevity. Future generations looking back upon the war will not have our background for interpreting and binding together all the diverse impressions. They will seek their information

from some one who did some of the interpreting himself—who had focused the thing in his own mind before trying to express it to others. "Wounded Souls" is not a novel; it is a chronicle. As such it has a place for the time being, but it will vanish from the memory of men just as soon as better novels and better histories of the war are brought forth for our enlightenment.

D. L. M.

IN his new book, "The Coming Revolution in Great Britain," Mr. Gerald Gould, formerly an Oxford don and now one of the editors of the British Labour newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, analyses, with a patient, persuasive relentlessness, the obvious facts of economic inequality and industrial unrest, discusses their relation to each other, and points out the revolutionary hopes and dangers that are implicit in the present economic and industrial situation of England. It should be made plain, however, that by "revolution" Mr. Gould means a radical change in the economic and social structure. This radical change, he believes, is implied in the present demands of British labour, and will most likely be brought about peacefully unless the class now in control deliberately precipitates a bloody conflict. Mr. Gould traces the history of the movement of organized labour towards "direct action" on political issues and the development in the direction of a central organization for British labour which should be able ultimately to enforce its will. Mr. Gould presents his case with such sweet reasonableness that one would fain share his hopes in the latent powers of the British labour-movement. Indeed, his book leaves the reader in a state of cheerful, even eager, anticipation of the advent of the new order.

M. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

"WHY is it," asks Thomas Hardy in "Jude the Obscure," "that these prematurely old boys always come out of new countries?" One can think of a dozen reasons for the phenomenon, which is scarcely less frequent in America than its exact opposite, as one might say, the man of sixty-five who has remained preternaturally young. Young old men and old young boys—in the intellectual sphere, at least—divide the American scene between them: we are all wiser than our elders, yet who has ever seen a veritable American sage? Consider, for example, our most distinguished writers of the last generation. Mark Twain never really transcended the horizon of Huck Finn, and even the serene, benignant Whitman retained to the end of his life the characteristics of adolescence. On the other hand, Howells and Henry James seem to have been born with ink in their veins. In one of his letters Henry James accused Howells—it seems to amount to an accusation—of being more "passionate" than himself, and we know how exclusively Howells's passions were "literary passions." As for James himself, we are perhaps justified in attributing to him, from the very earliest moment, the instinct he attributes to his own Roderick Hudson, that of "investing every grain of sense or soul in the enterprise of planned production." Never had a life been less at the loose ends of youth. It was a singular fact that in the old age of both Howells and James their warmest admirers, in all deference, in all affection, had a way of referring to them, each and singly, as "old women," as extraordinary old women: neither of them had ever been a child, and it was felt that somehow they had always been incompletely men. They had been simply authors, "eminent authors"—"born cultivated," as Lowell said of Howells; and no eye of living man could remember having seen either of them in the act of growing their abundant literary plumage.

OF the precocity of Henry James we have been able to form some idea from the several volumes of his early uncollected writings which have appeared since his death. His development as a novelist was not, relatively speaking, rapid. One can understand the disdain he felt in later years for "Watch and Ward," written when he was twenty-seven; and even "Roderick Hudson," the work

¹ "Things That Have Interested Me." Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

² "Wounded Souls." Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company.

³ "The Coming Revolution in Great Britain." Gerald Gould. London: W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd.

of his thirty-second year, is crude enough beside a number of the shorter pieces of his early twenties. Accomplished as these latter stories are, however, we have seen nothing to compare, as a revelation of James's youthful maturity, with the remarkable volume of "Notes and Reviews",¹ which has just been published with a preface by Mr. Pierre la Rose. One feels that the anxious parent who presided over our author's infancy might well have been troubled by such an exhibition of intellectual self-control in a son scarcely over twenty (all the reviews collected in this book were printed before his twenty-fourth birthday); Henry James the elder was himself, as his son William said, so "full of the fumes of the *ursprünglich* human nature, things turbid, more than he could formulate," so much a searcher for the realities that refuse to yield their secrets too easily, that we can scarcely help fancying him as a little troubled by the spectacle of an offspring so adept in "converting" the metal of his soul. Certainly it might have been foreseen that no such "little master" as Henry James already was at twenty-two could eventually be numbered among the great masters: the condition implied too great a complacency, too many exclusions. But, however the anxious parent may have felt, he was himself chiefly responsible for the aplomb of this astonishing young critic. "Outdoing the head of the family in the matter of language," we learn from a descendant in the third generation, "was an exercise familiar to all his sons." And Henry James himself has observed: "As I reconsider both my own and my brother's early start—even his, too, made under stronger propulsions—it is quite for me as if the authors of our being and guardians of our youth had virtually said to us but one thing, directed our course but by one word, though constantly repeated, Convert, convert, convert! . . . Simply everything that should happen to us, every contact, every impression and every experience we should know, were to form our soluble stuff." It was not perhaps the fault of these guardians that the experience in question was to be severely limited.

REMARKABLE indeed is the maturity of these reviews, which enable us to see how single-mindedly, and with what curiosity and devotion, Henry James embarked upon his career. How easily, how nimbly, he moves about in this little world of the mid-Victorian novel, of the Trollopes and the Kingsleys, and George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Alcott and Miss Braddon! His subjects, to be sure, have for us to-day the dimmest interest, and his chief preoccupation is with questions of technique: the book is for Jacobites alone, though many an apprentice reviewer might be amused, as he glances through it, to see how passing well the thing can be done. It was easier to write reviews in those days, and to write novels, too: this, making all allowances for James's talent and precocity, is one of the reflections with which one turns the last page. It was easier because there still existed a tradition, a school, to which, as a matter of course, one attached oneself. There was Arnold in England, there were Sainte-Beuve and Taine in France: one could simply accept the limits marked out by these potentates and still have a little universe in which to give the reins to one's own individuality. James never questioned the established order of ideas of his generation; he took not a single step out of bounds; he looked askance and strangely upon Ibsen and the other Coqçigrues of the North; whenever, as a critic, he ventured outside the circle of contemporary fiction, he followed obediently in the footsteps of his masters, rewriting the "Essays in Criticism" and the "Causeries du Lundi" in a slightly personal idiom. Within those limits, and if he had chosen to write proportionately less fiction himself, he might have gone very far indeed: his paper on Epictetus in the present volume shows us the grasp he had, even thus early, over general ideas. Most of these reviews, however,

deal, as I have said, with the Victorian novel. It must be added that in their easy mastery over the resources of the school out of which their author emerged they reveal him as potentially a more emancipated spirit than he ever actually became.

IN one of James's later letters, addressed to Mrs. Humphry Ward, he takes that lady's compositions with a seriousness which we can not understand unless we realize that, incorruptible as the artist in him was, that artist was still subservient to the man and the man was still conscious of his relation as a colonial to the country of his adoption. That Mrs. Ward was a niece of Arnold himself was a fact he could not perhaps forget in any consideration of her work. Indeed, in the critical essays which, in his thirties and forties, he devoted to English fiction, essays of a richness with which nothing in the present volume is to be compared, we can see how far the social compulsions of the "middle years" had restrained the licence, already sufficiently restrained, of his early manhood. Of Anthony Trollope he confesses himself a "punctual, devoted reader": surely it augured better for his own career that at twenty-two he should, with all due consideration, have pronounced this amiable man a good observer, but "literally nothing else." If there is anything a reader of these matutinal reviews might have predicted of their author, in fact, it is that, granting the limitations implied in his precocity, he would never have surrendered a particle of his independence: for he reveals himself as the complete sceptic, in relation to the current values as well of English as of American life. Hear him on Charles Kingsley: "In the muscular faith there is very little of the divine, because there is very little that is spiritual. For the same reason there is nothing but a spurious nobleness. Who would rest content with this as the last word of religious sagacity: that the ideal for human endeavour is the English gentleman?—unless, indeed, it be the English gentleman himself?" Most of these reviews are similarly saline: they are the adequate fruits of the education their author has described for us in his autobiography, an education that was intended to produce a certain ironic detachment, so that he and his brothers should be amused themselves, as he says, at their sensibility "should it prove to have been trapped and caught." Trapped and caught, in a way, James's sensibility assuredly was in later years, when he was to find himself, like that other colonial Tory, Mr. Bonar Law, the defender of good customs that native Englishmen were glad to lay aside. More than one of the stones that he had rejected in his infancy he found room for in the structure of his later world: as an instance of this one might mention a point which Mr. La Rose makes in his preface, that having vehemently and, we may add, sensibly, criticized Miss Alcott for having chosen a precocious little girl for a heroine, James himself at fifty-four gave us "an acute study of perhaps the most pathetically precocious little girl in English fiction." He who had scorned the search for the subject found himself in his last phase driven back to America for the "contact of new material," and ready to pick up old themes which, at the height of his career, he would have thought unworthy of a great talent: so far had that scepticism and detachment failed to liberate him. There is something that depresses us in the spectacle of what we can only consider the decay of Henry James. All the more we rejoice, accordingly, in the evidences Mr. La Rose has put before us of the cheerful, if rather inky, vigour of his prime.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Paul Verlaine," by H. Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Instinct and the Unconscious," by W. H. R. Rivers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Modern Social Movements," by Savel Zimand. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company.

¹ "Notes and Reviews." Henry James. With a preface by Pierre de Chagnon la Rose. Cambridge, Ma ss.: Dunster House.

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